THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,

NO. 132 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 4, 1858.

{ ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 1936. }

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Now let the earth rejoice,
A glorious deed is done;
The morning's herald-voice
Outstrips the lagging sun!

And swifter than his beam,
Shall distant Ind to Ind,
Waked by the lightning gleam,
Their love-fraught greetings send.

Thy hoary realm, oh, Sea!
In vain the lands disjoined,—
The fleet bark speeds o'er thee,
Before the march of mind.

Though shoreless seemed thy round,
A path the magnet gave,
By which a world was found
Beyond thy Western wave.

And now Columbia bends,
To catch—thrice-conquered power!
The message Europe sends
In this expectant hour.

This day the bond of love,
That makes the nations one,
Is clasped beneath the wave,—
The reign of peace begun.

Let Freedom then rejoice,
For, with a tongue of flame,
The avengers of the race
Shall hiss the oppressor's name.

Let Commerce wide expand
Her canvass to the breeze—
Her heralds beckoning stand,
Amid far-distant seas.

O'er her own labors bent,
Let Science smile to see,—
Her starry eye intent
On triumphs yet to be.

Religion, bid rejoice
Her mission to fulfil,
And with consoling voice
The desert places fill.

Behold the song of Hope,
In full fruition end!
Her bard's prophetic lay,
To its fulfilment tend!

For bright Improvement comes
Upon the Car of Time,
Ere long the spacious world
To rule from clime to clime.

Then honor to the age,
And to the nations two,
Whose joint-illumined page
The latest times shall view!

But brighter still shall glow,
Upon the roll of fame,
The deeds of men who show
Title to deathless name.

But chief to God on high
The glory shall be given,—
His will be done on earth,
As it is done in Heaven.

Philadelphia, Aug. 17, 1858. J. L. B.

THE RUNAWAY MATCH.

A STORY IN FIVE PARTS.

BY HESTER HALLIWELL.

PART II.

THE PHYSICIAN'S HOME.

The cold winter, long and sharp that year, had given place to spring; but the mornings and evenings were dreary, and the east wind, which prevailed, penetrated to the very warmest house in Wexborough—a fashionable town for invalids, noted all over England for its salubrity. The east wind had struck inflammation to the chest of a lovely child, and was quickly carrying it away. It lay on its mother's knee before the fire. She, the mother, was young and very pretty, but delicate and careworn. Her whole heart was wound up in this child, and she would not believe but what it was recovering.

"Don't you think it looks a little better than it did this morning?" she anxiously asked, raising her eyes to her husband, who had come in, and was standing near.

He made an evasive reply, for he was a physician, and he knew that the child was dying. At that moment there was a knock at the front door, and they heard the maid show the visitor into the consulting-room. Their only servant, for they were very poor, the physician trying to struggle into practice.

"It's Mr. Fairfax, sir," she said, entering the room.

Now Mr. Fairfax was Dr. Elliot's landlord, and the physician, for certain reasons, would rather have had a visit from any man, living or dead, than from him. He broke out into an impatient word, and demanded sharply of the girl why she admitted *him*. She was beginning an explanation, but he would not stop to hear it.

"Well, doctor," began Mr. Fairfax, who owned no end of property in Wexborough, "I am not come upon my usual visit, and that I told your girl, for I saw she was preparing the old answer. You know that house of mine in the Crescent, which was to be let furnished?"

"Yes."

"Well, it is let, and the people have arrived to-day. A lady and gentleman and several servants—plenty of money there seems to be there. The gentleman is in bad health, and they asked me to recommend them a physician. So I mentioned you."

"I am very much obliged to you," said Dr. Elliot, with animation.

"Yes, but doctor, we don't do nothing for nothing, in this world. I shall expect part of the fees you'll get to be handed to me—for back rent. Without my recommendation you would never have got in there, for I need not remind you that there are physicians in Wexborough older established and more popular than you. Is it a bargain?"

"It is," answered Dr. Elliot. "Honor bright."

"Then put on your hat, and go up at once. They want to see you to-night. Number nine."

Dr. Elliot soon reached the Crescent. His patient was seated in a room alone. One leg, cased in flannel, was raised on a foot-rest. Glasses and dessert were on the table, though more from custom than for use, just now. Dr. Elliot's card had preceded him, and the servant placed a chair.

"They have brought me here for change of air," he said to Dr. Elliot, after speaking of his illness, "but I have little faith, myself, in any change being beneficial. Such a complication of disorders! And now this attack of gout, worse than any I have ever had. I am a young man for gout, doctor; but it is hereditary in our family."

When Dr. Elliot was writing the prescription, it occurred to him that Mr. Fairfax had not mentioned the name, so he asked it now. Turnberry, he thought was the reply, but his patient was taken with a fit of coughing at the moment. He wrote it "——— Turnberry, Esquire." As he was leaving the house a servant came up, and said his mistress wished to see him.

The lady stood in the drawing-room when Dr. Elliot entered, the rays of the chandelier falling on her. He was struck with amazement at her beauty. A tall, stately woman of eight-and-twenty, her eyes haughty, her complexion brilliant, her features of rare contour.

She began to speak; he began to speak; but neither finished. Both stood, awed to silence, for they had recognized each other, and to neither was the recognition palatable, at that first moment. It was Mrs. Turnbull, not Turnberry, and Dr. Elliot saw in her the elder sister of his wife. *She* saw in him the handsome, harem-scarem young medical student, whom she had admired, if not loved, before she knew his heart was given to her sister. That was eight years ago, and no communication had been held between the families since. Doctor Elliot's friends had helped him, while he finished his studies and obtained his diploma. Since then he had set up at Wexborough, and had been living on, he hardly knew how, waiting for practice; his wife would have said *struggling* on.

Dr. Elliot held out his hand to Mrs. Turnbull.

"May I hope that the lapse of time has softened your feelings towards me?" he said, in a low, persuasive tone—and none knew how to speak more persuasively than he. "Now that we have been brought together in this strange way, let me implore a reconciliation—for Louisa's sake."

Mrs. Turnbull, after a moment's hesitation, put her hand into his.

"For Louisa's sake," she repeated. "Are you living in Wexborough? Have you a flourishing practice?"

"Not flourishing. Practice comes slowly to beginners."

"How is Louisa? Is she much altered?"

"Very much, I think. The loss of her children has had a great effect upon her."

"Ah! you have children then?" An old jealous feeling of bygone days came over Mrs. Turnbull. She had had none.

"Yes, we have been unfortunate in them all, save the eldest. I have left one at home now, in Louisa's arms, dying."

Mrs. Turnbull was shocked, and a better feeling returned to her.

"I should like to see Louisa," she exclaimed. "Suppose I go now?"

"Now!" cried Dr. Elliot, in a dismayed tone, as he thought of the inward signs of poverty in his house, and its disordered appearance just then. "But we are all at sixes and sevens to-night, with this dying child."

"Oh, I can allow for that; I know what illness is. I have seen enough of it since I married Squire Turnbull. Wait one moment, and I will go with you."

She had possessed a will of her own as Clara Freer, and she had not parted with it as Mrs. Turnbull. She called for her bonnet and cloak, and then went into the dining-room to her husband. He looked surprised, as well he might, to see her going out, at the dusk of evening, in a strange town.

"Did you recognize him?" she said, leaning over her husband's chair.

"Recognize him!" repeated Squire Turnbull, not understanding. "He is a clever man, I think; seems to know what he is about. His name is"—running his eyes over the card on the table—"Elliot. Dr. Elliot."

"He is metamorposed into doctor now. He was Tom Elliot when he ran away with Louisa."

"By—jingo! It's never that Tom Elliot!" uttered the astonished squire. "Is *he* Louisa's husband! Well, it did strike me that I had seen his face before."

"He is Louisa's husband, and she is in trouble, he says. A child of theirs is dying—now—to-night—as I understand. I fancy, too, they are in poverty," she added: "which of course was only to be expected, acting as they did. But he asked me to let bygones be bygones, for Louisa's sake, and I am going to see her."

"Bygones! of course, let them be bygones," cried the warm-hearted squire, "why not? I have always blamed your father for holding out about it. It was done, and couldn't be helped; and the only remedy left was to make the best of it. A dying child! poverty! I say, Clara, don't forget that we have abundance of everything, money included. Let your hand be open, wife, if it's wanted. Poor Loo!"

She went out, leaving the squire to his reflections. They carried him back naturally, to to that old time, eight years ago. He had admired Louisa Freer then, and wished to marry her, but Mr. Tom Elliot forestalled him. He had then, after some delay, transferred his proposals to the elder sister, and they were accepted. To be mistress of Turnbull Park, and two thousand pounds a year, was a position any lawyer's daughter might covet. Clara did, and gained it.

It was a strange meeting, the two sisters coming together, in that unexpected manner, after so many years of estrangement. Oh! the contrast between them! Mrs. Elliot pale, haggard, unhappy, her gown a faded merino, and her hair little cared for; Clara, who had thrown off her mantle, in an evening dress of black velvet, its low body and sleeves trimmed with rich white lace, and gold ornaments decorating her neck, her arms, and her luxuriant hair; more beautiful, more beautiful she was, altogether, than of yore.

There arose now, from a stool at his mother's feet, a lovely boy of seven years old, tall, healthy, and straight as a dart, fixing his large, brown eyes on the stranger's face. But he was not dressed very well, and Doctor Elliot, muttering something about "William's bedtime," took him out of the room.

"What a noble boy!" involuntarily exclaimed Mrs. Turnbull, gazing after him; "what an intelligent countenance! He is your eldest, I presume; and this your youngest."

Was! She unconsciously spoke of the infant in the past tense, for she had noted it's ghastly face and labored breathing. Very, very fast was its life ebbing now.

"How many children have you?" inquired Mrs. Elliot.

"None." And there was something in the tone of the short answer which told the subject was a sore one.

"You are well off," vehemently spoke Mrs. Elliot. "Better never have them, than have them only to lose. William was born soon after our marriage, in ten months, and then, for nearly three years, I had no more children. I did so wish for a girl—as did my husband. How I longed for it, I cannot tell you. The passionate appeal of Rachel I understood then—'Give me children, or else I die.' Well, a girl was born: but born to die; then another was born: but born to die; now this one, who has stayed longer with me than they, for she is fourteen months; now this one is about to die! You are well off."

"Is Dr. Elliot a good husband to you?" questioned Mrs. Turnbull.

"He is a kind husband—yes—generally speaking," was the reply of Mrs. Elliot, while a vivid blush dyed her pale cheek. "But he is fond of pleasure—not altogether what may be called a domestic husband. And now, Clara, dare I ask you of my father? Two years ago I heard that he was living, and I see you are not in mourning."

"He is well and hearty. As full of business as ever."

"Does he ever speak," hesitated Mrs. Elliot, "of forgiving me?"

"He has never mentioned you, never once. He was dreadfully incensed at the step you took. And when offended, it is so hard for him to forgive. You must remember that, Louisa."

"I wrote to him after Willy was born. And again when I lost my first little girl."

"Indeed!" cried Mrs. Turnbull. "He never told me. What was the result?"

"Both times the same. He returned the letters in a blank cover. It is not that I want assistance from him, but I should like forgiveness."

"But some assistance would not be unwelcome, I presume."

"Oh, we can manage to get along. I suppose it is only right that straitened circumstances should follow such a marriage as ours. If I craved help for anything, it would be for the boy. He is a most intelligent child—as you saw by his eyes and countenance—can read as well as I can. But it is time his education was begun in earnest."

"Will you give him to me!" eagerly asked Mrs. Turnbull. "I will adopt him, and do by him as if he were my own. Unless I am mistaken, you are shortly in expectation of another infant."

"It is so," answered Mrs. Elliot. "Night and day, since there has been a fear of losing this one, have I prayed it may be a girl."

"Then you can spare me the boy. Talk it over with Dr. Elliot. It is only to lend him, you know, Louisa; and remember, the advantages to him will be great."

Twelve months passed away, and once more Squire Turnbull and his wife came to Wexborough for change of air for the former, bringing with them William Elliot, who was now resident at Turnbull Park.

Not long had they been at Wexborough this second time, before a disagreeable feeling, which during their former visit had stolen, like a shadow, over Mrs. Elliot's heart, rose again. Like a shadow, indeed; for she would not *allow* herself to notice it then, and with their departure had dismissed it from her remembrance, never, she sincerely hoped, to recall it. Yet now it was forcing itself upon her with redoubled vigor—the suspicion that her husband admired, not in too sisterly a way, Mrs. Turnbull; that there was too good an understanding between them. Not that Mrs. Elliot feared anything like guilt. Oh, no. Whatever opinion she may have had cause to form of her husband's laxity of morals during their married life, she was perfectly secure in her sister's principles; but that an undue attachment for each other's society had grown up, was very plain. On Mrs. Turnbull's part, it was probably nothing but gratified vanity; but Louisa had never forgotten how Clara had once, when they were girls at home together, confessed to something, very like love, for Tom Elliot. She, Louisa, had then thought that his love and admiration were given to none but herself: she now knew that, at least, his admiration was given to every handsome woman who came in his way. Few had he fallen in with so beautiful as Mrs. Turnbull; he was at no pains to conceal his sense of it, and she repulsed not the marked attentions of the very handsome physician. But all this was disagreeable to Mrs. Elliot, and as the weeks of the Turnbulls' sojourn at Wexborough lengthened into months, and her husband passed more and more of his time with Mrs. Turnbull, it jarred not only on her feelings, but on her temper. Existence seemed to possess for her but two phases: passionate love for her little baby-girl, and jealousy of her husband and sister. Never yet had she

came by the mid-day coach?"

Mrs. Elliot answered coldly—that she was not likely to guess.

"Papa."

"Papa!" repeated Mrs. Elliot, aroused from her brooding thoughts.

"Papa. I never was more surprised. We were at luncheon. The servant said a gentleman wanted to see me, and in walked my father. It seems he was at Wilborough, on business for one of his clients, and being so near, ran over here this morning. But he leaves to-morrow by the early coach, and is gone now to the Royal Arms to secure a bed."

"Did Willy see him!" sighed Mrs. Elliot.

"Yes. But papa took little notice of him: he never does when he sees him at the Park. I am going to leave Willy with you for the afternoon, for his presence always seems to cast a restraint upon my father. I wish," added Mrs. Turnbull, "you would give me a glass of wine, Louisa; I am thirsty."

Mrs. Elliot laid down her infant, and brought forth a decanter of port wine. It was the same as that in Mrs. Turnbull's own cellar, Squire Turnbull having sent in a present of some to Mrs. Elliot.

"I am thirsty too," said William. "Let me have a glass, mamma."

"Wine for you!" exclaimed Mrs. Elliot; "no, indeed, Willy. When little boys are thirsty, they drink water."

"What nonsense!" interposed Mrs. Turnbull. "Give the child some wine, Louisa."

A half dispute ensued, carried on good-humoredly by Mrs. Turnbull, with bitterness by her sister. The latter handed William a tumbler of water: Mrs. Turnbull ordered him not to drink it till his mamma put some wine in it, and William Elliot, a sensitive child, stood in discomfort, his cheeks crimson, and whispering that he was not thirsty then. Dr. Elliot came in.

"Did you ever know anything like Louisa's absurdity to-day?" Mrs. Turnbull said to him. "Willy is dying with thirst: I say put a little drop of wine into that water, instead of letting him drink it cold, and she won't give him wine."

"He shall not have wine," repeated Mrs. Elliot. "It is improper for him."

"Nonsense!" muttered Dr. Elliot, and poured some wine into the water. His wife's face and lips turned of a deadly whiteness, with her the sign of extreme anger; she caught up the babe, and left the room.

"I must be going, Louisa," called out Mrs. Turnbull. "My father will have returned from the hotel. Good-by." She went down the stairs, followed by Dr. Elliot, and Mrs. Elliot saw them walking slowly up the street together. She was boiling over with rage and indignation. Dr. Elliot did not return to tea, not, in fact, till it was time to take William home, and then came the explosion. The physician took it with provoking coolness, began to whistle, and asked whether the boy was ready.

"He never goes back again," said Mrs. Elliot. "His bed is made up at home."

"There is no reason for the lad's interests to suffer because your temper has turned crusty this evening," observed Dr. Elliot. "He shall certainly go back to Squire Turnbull's."

"When a woman can incite a child to disobey his mother, she is no longer fit to hold control over him. Mrs. Turnbull shall have no more control over mine."

"Was it worth while to make a fuss over such a trifle? As if a drop of wine could hurt the boy! Remember the obligations he is under to Mrs. Turnbull."

"Remember your obligations to me, your wife. I have borne much, Thomas, since we married, but I will not be domineered over by you both conjointly, or tamely see your love given to her."

"Tamely!—love!" uttered Doctor Elliot; "what nonsense, now, Louisa?"

"Do you think I am blind?" she retorted; "do you think I am a stone, destitute of feeling? Is it not too apparent that all your thoughts, your time, your wishes are given to Mrs. Turnbull?"

"Oh, if you are going to begin on the old score of jealousy, I have nothing more to say," observed Dr. Elliot, carelessly, "but I think you might exempt your own sister from such suspicions. Harriet!" he called out, throwing open the room-door, "put on Master William's things, and send him down."

"I say the child shall not go back," passionately uttered Mrs. Elliot.

"And I say he shall. When you have calmed down to soberness, Louisa, you will see the folly of sacrificing his advantages of education to your fancies, which are as capricious as they are unjust."

"I will apply to the law—I will apply to the nearest magistrate, rather than have my child forcibly disposed of against my will," she vehemently continued.

"My dear, the law is not on your side, but on mine. A father's authority does not yield to magistrates," laughed Dr. Elliot. To preserve that nonchalant good-humor, was in the present mood, as fuel heaped on fire. She would rather he had struck her.

And the matter ended by his taking William back to Mrs. Turnbull's. "Looking furiously savage," he thought to himself, as he went. "But she should not take my crotchets in her head."

Mrs. Elliot certainly was "savage," as she sat alone that dusk evening. Things were to her jaundiced mind a worse appearance than they really deserved. Her husband was magnified into a sort of demon Don Juan; her sister into a beautiful syren, who lived but to attract him and rule over her.

"Oh! the blind child I was, to fly in the face of my friends, and run away with Tom Elliot!" she bitterly exclaimed. "I suppose the act is working out its own punishment, for what a life is mine! Struggling with poverty—losing my idolized children—spurned by my father—neglected by my husband—patronized by my sister, and compelled to yield my boy to her charge! His education—there it is. It ought to go on, yet we have not the means to pursue it, and never shall, it seems to me."

"Why not ask my father?" The question came from her own heart, but with a sudden intensity that startled her to believe one must be at her elbow who had whispered it. "Why not go to him now, this very moment, at the hotel, and press it on him?"

Mrs. Elliot was in the excited state that sways to action. Calling the maid to sit upstairs, lest the child should cry, she put on her things and went out.

The Royal Arms was not far off; a handsome hotel with a flight of steps and a blazing gas-lamp at its entrance. She turned her face away from its light. The landlord himself happened to be crossing the passage.

"Is a gentleman of the name of Freer stopping here?" inquired Mrs. Elliot.

"Freer? No, ma'am."

"A friend of Mr. Turnbull's in the Crescent," she explained. "He came this afternoon and engaged a bed."

"Oh, that gentleman—I did not know his name. Wears a bag-wig, ma'am."

"The same."

"He is not come in yet."

But, as they stood there, some one came up the steps, and passed them without notice; an old gentleman in a bag-wig. The landlord was pressing forward to mention Mrs. Elliot, but she clasped his arm to restrain him.

"Not here, in this public passage," she whispered, shrinking into a corner. "I will follow him to his bed-room. I am his daughter. There has been a difference between us, and we have not met for years. If you have children you can feel for me."

The landlord looked at her compassionately, at her pale face and visible emotion. He stood before her till Mr. Freer had received his candle from the hands of the waiter and had gone up-stairs.

He was winding up his watch when Mrs. Elliot entered. She closed the door and stood before him. He turned round in surprise, but he did not recognize her in the dim light. Her agitation was great, she became hysterical, and fell forward at his feet.

"Oh, father! forgive, forgive me!" she sobbed out.

Mr. Freer started back from her, almost in affright.

"Louisa!—Elliot! you! what brings you here?"

The Christian name had arisen involuntarily to his lips. He seemed to add the other by way of counteracting his familiarity.

"Sorrow brings me here—misery brings me. Father, I cannot live without your forgiveness. I think you must have cursed me, and that the curse is clinging to me, for nothing has prospered with me since I left your home."

"I have not cursed you," he said, still standing aloof from her.

"Will you accord me your forgiveness?" she continued to ask.

"Yes; if you can be satisfied with the letter and not the spirit."

She looked at him inquiringly, her lips parted, her thin white hands clasped in supplication.

"If to say that I forgive you will avail, that forgiveness you may take," he said, answering her look. "But when you cast me off, to become the wife of Thomas Elliot, you put a bar to all future intercourse between us."

"Your full and free forgiveness," she continued to implore."

"My free forgiveness," he repeated, "but not my friendship. You have your husband's."

"He has not been to me the husband I expected—hoped for," she cried, saying more than she would have said but for the jealous, angry feeling that was rife within her, so especially on that night.

The lawyer smiled a grim smile.

"Few wives, when they marry as you did, do find their husbands what they expected."

"Oh, father, father, that I had never left your home!" she wailed. "At times I say to myself, Let me cheat my memory, and persuade it that all these years have been a dream—that I shall awake and find myself little Louisa Freer!"

"Ah," returned the lawyer, "many a one would give their eyes to wake from the same dream."

"It is not visited on him as it is on me," she added, her cheeks flushing. "Hour after hour, while I am sitting alone, brooding over the past, striving to stave off present annoyances, he spends away from me, seeking only how he may amuse himself."

"Nothing else could be expected, from a man of the disposition of Thomas Elliot, but that he would seek his own amusement, married or single. I could have told you that years ago."

"I know you never liked him, papa, but will you not be reconciled to him?"

"Never," vehemently replied Lawyer Freer. "We will not speak upon the subject."

"I came here to urge another plea," she sadly added, after an interval of silence. "To ask you to help me; we are very poor."

"It is waste of time," was the stern reiteration of Lawyer Freer. "Thomas Elliot has no help from me, before my death or after it."

"It is not for him," she eagerly rejoined, her eyes glistening with excitement. "Father, I declare to you that I ask for it but to thwart my husband, not to assist him. You have seen a child of mine at Mrs. Turnbull's."

"I have seen a child there," he coldly answered. "I believe my daughter once mentioned that it was yours."

My daughter! Well, she deserved it.

"It is only my boy: the rest were girls, and they have all died, save one. Father, I named him William, after you."

"I had been better pleased that you had named him any other name, to associate with that of Elliot," was the disheartening answer.

"It is for him that I need assistance," she resumed. "I want to place him at school. Oh, sir! if you knew all, perhaps you would aid me to do it."

"What mistaken notion are you laboring under?" returned Mr. Freer. "Help a child of Thomas Elliot's! Has he been sending you on this strange errand?"

"He does not know I am come. He was absent when I stole out of my home to ask this. It would be against his will if the boy is placed at school, for he wishes him to remain with Mrs. Turnbull. Do you remember, father, how Clara used to tyrannise over me at home—how she used to put upon me?"

"It may possibly have been the case. She was older than you."

"Sir, you know she did, though you may not care to recall it. But she does still, and surely she is not justified. I have not a will of my own, especially as regards the boy; every wish I express, she opposes, and Dr. Elliot upholds her. I could bear this," passionately went on Mrs. Elliot, disclosing what she would have shrunk from doing in a calmer moment—"I could bear her encouraging the child in disobedience, but what I cannot bear is, that she should draw my husband's affections away from me."

"I do not understand," replied Mr. Freer.

"Because you do not know Clara," said Mrs. Elliot. "She was as fond of Tom Elliot as I was, in those old days, but she had more worldly prudence. Who first encouraged him to our house? She did. Who flirted with him and attracted him? She did. And when the truth came out, that he loved me, she betrayed the tale to you, in her jealous anger. Then came forward Squire Turnbull. I was a young, frightened child, and I did not *dare* to object to him; so to escape I rushed upon a worse fate."

Lawyer Freer was knitting his brows. Parts of her speech had grated his ear.

"She never forgave me, from the morning she knew Tom Elliot cared for me and not for her; she has never forgiven me yet. And now they have learnt to care for each other; the time, the attentions, the love my husband owes me, are given to her. Believe me

or not, as you please, sir, it is the disgraceful truth."

"Disgraceful, degenerate girls, both of you," he exclaimed, angrily, "to suffer your minds to be led away by a man like him!"

"So I come to you for aid," she continued; "and I have explained this, not to betray her folly, but to justify my application. If I could place the boy at school, we should no longer be under obligations to Mrs. Turnbull, neither would the child be an excuse for my husband's visits there. You cannot countenance such conduct in my sister."

"I have nothing to do with Mrs. Turnbull's conduct. She is old enough and wise enough to take care of herself, and I do not fear her doing so. And for you—should you ever become a widow, then you may apply to me."

The tears were struggling down Mrs. Elliot's cheeks. She ventured to touch, and take, her father's hand.

"For my peace, and William's welfare, I implore aid," she said. "Not for Dr. Elliot."

Mr. Freer did not withdraw his hand, and he did not return her clasp; he suffered it to remain passively in hers.

"You are asking what is not in my power to accord, Louisa," he at length said. "When you left my protection for Thomas Elliot's, I took an oath that he, and his, should remain strangers to me; that so long as he should live, they should never receive or enjoy aught of mine. As well ask me to break this hand—and he held it out—as to break my oath."

"So there goes another of my life's delusions," she uttered, in a tone of anguish, "nearly the last. In my sadder moments, a beaming ray of light has flashed across me—a vision of my being reconciled to my father; of his blessing me and my children, a blessing that might have been worked out in life. How could I have expected it? Father, farewell. God bless you, and pity me!"

"Fare you well, Louisa."

He took the candle and followed her to the door, intending to light her down the stairs, but the rays of a lamp, hanging outside, rendered it unnecessary. He stood there, and when she had glanced back from the end of the corridor, she saw him looking after her. Yearningly she strained her eyes to his, and her lips moved, and her steps halted. Perhaps she would have flown back to him; she had it in her heart to do so; to fall upon his neck, and with kisses and sobs, implore a more loving forgiveness; but he turned away and closed the door, even as she looked, and she passed swiftly down the stairs, with a fainting spirit. It was the last time they met on earth.

Nearly the last of her life's delusions, Mrs. Elliot had said. What else remained to her? Her children. William departed, as before, with Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull for Northfordshire. With the latter's absence, Louisa again forgot her jealous troubles, and peace—rather cold perhaps, but undisturbed by storms—was resumed between herself and her husband. Upon her young child, the girl, every wish and hope seemed now concentred. The love she lavished upon the infant was a matter of remark to all who had an opportunity of witnessing it; *they* loved their children, but not with an all-absorbing passion like this. Did Mrs. Elliot ever hear that a check, sooner or later, always comes to love so inordinate? She would have known it, had she looked much into the world. "Oh! when my darling can speak, when it can answer me with its dear little voice, I shall be too happy," she was wont to say. "My father has abandoned me, my husband has forgotten his love for me, my noble boy gladdens other eyes than mine, but in this precious child shall be my recompense. Make haste, my darling, make haste to speak!"

But the child seemed backward in speaking, and in walking also. Fifteen months old, and it attempted neither. Master Willy, at that age, had gone with his sturdy legs all over the room, and made himself heard when he wanted bread and butter. "Girls are not so forward as boys," reasoned Mrs. Elliot.

It was a pretty child, and would have been more so, but for an unusual look about the forehead, and a vacant stare in its full blue eyes. Once or twice, that vacant gaze had stricken a chill to the mother's heart, bringing with it a wild fear, a dread, which she drove back as some far-off horror, that would kill her if ever it came near.

One afternoon the servant, Harriet, had the baby lying on her knee. She had just come in from a walk, had taken off its things, and was now looking curiously at its face, and touching its head here and there. Dr. Elliot was stretched on the sofa, reading, as Harriet thought, but his eyes were raised over the book, watching her motions.

"Harriet, what are you looking at?"

The question was sudden, and startled the servant. She replied in a confused, vague manner, that she was looking at "nothing particular."

Dr. Elliott came forward, drew a chair in front of them, and sat down, gazing first at her, then at the child. "What were you thinking of, Harriet," he persisted, "when you touched the child's forehead?"

Harriet burst into tears: she was very fond of the infant. "I hope you will not ask me, sir," she rejoined; "I should be afraid to tell."

"Afraid of a fiddlestick," returned Dr. Elliot. "If you fancy there is anything the matter with her, speak, and it may be"—he seemed to hesitate for a word—"remedied. Many an infant has been ruined for life through its ailments not being known."

"It was not me, sir," began Harriet, looking round at the door, which was ajar, to make sure her mistress was not there, though indeed she could then hear her overhead, in her own room. "It's true I have wondered at the child's being so dull, though I never thought much about it; but this afternoon, as I was sitting on a bench in the promenade walk, old Mrs. Chivers came up—she as goes out nursing."

"I know," said Dr. Elliot. "Well!"

"She had got her daughter's child with her, a lively little thing of eleven months. It was stepping about, holding on by our knees, and laughing.

"'That's what your poor little charge won't do on a sudden,' she begins to me.

"'Why not?' says I. 'Little Miss Clara's backward, but she'll be all right when she gets her teeth.'

"'Why, she's got her teeth,'" returns Nurse Chivers. "Hasn't she?'

"'Only six,' I said. 'Many a child's more backward in walking than she.'

"'I don't say she won't walk in time,' went on Dame Chivers, 'but you can't have handled that babby for fifteen months, and not have found out what's the matter with it. Folks are talking of it in the town, and saying—'" Harriet stopped.

"Go on," cried Dr. Elliot, with compressed lips.

"'And saying,' Nurse Chivers continued, 'that the doctor must know, if its poor mamma does not. Though the look of the babby might have told *even* her that it is'—I don't like," broke off Harriet, with renewed tears, "to repeat the cruel word she said—though Nurse Chivers was grieved herself, and did not mean it in cruelty. But if she's right, the dear infant will never have wit nor sense through life, to comfort us."

Tighter, far tighter, was the straining of his lips, and a dark shade of pain marked his handsome face. He bent his head over his child. It lay wide awake, but perfectly passive in Harriet's lap, its lips apart, and its glistening eyes staring upwards.

"Oh, sir," sobbed Harriet, "is it true?" And then she saw the expression on the doctor's countenance, and knew that the news was no news to him. "Who ever will break it to my mistress?" she wailed.

"It must be suffered to come upon her by gradual degrees," was his answer. But had Dr. Elliot raised his eyes, he would have seen that it *had* come upon her, and not by gradual degrees. She had come softly down stairs and inside the room, lest the baby slept, just in time to hear the dreadful sentence; and there she stood, transfixed and rigid, her eyes staring as wildly as the child's. That far-off horror, seen but at a distance, had come near—into her very home. Some instinct caused Harriet to look round; she saw her mistress, and shrieked out. Dr. Elliot raised his head, bounded forward, and caught her in his arms.

"Louisa! Good Heavens! I did not know you were there. My dearest wife! do not distress yourself; all will be well; it is not so bad as these women think. "Louisa! Louisa!"

No, no, the dreadful shock had come to her, and nothing could soothe or soften it. When she recovered power of motion, she took the ill-fated child from the servant, laid its cheek against hers, and moaned as she swayed with it backwards and forwards. Suddenly she looked up at her husband—"If we could die—I and she—both of us!" she murmured, in a despairing, helpless sort of way, almost as if her own intellects were going.

It was indeed a fearful visitation, and it made itself heard in throbs of agony. Her brain was beating, her heart was working: care upon care, trouble upon trouble, had followed her wilful marriage, and now the last and greatest comfort, the only joy that seemed left to her, had turned into a thing to be dreaded worse than death. She had so passionately wished for this child, and now that it was given, what was it? Her husband sat regarding her in gloomy silence, pitying her—she could see that—pitying the ill-fated child. Oh, if she could but undo her work and her disobedience—if she could but go back years, and be once more careless, happy, dutiful Louisa Freer! Not even Tom Elliot should tempt her then.

How many, as her father said, have echoed the same useless prayer. Ill-doing first, repentance afterwards; but repentance can rarely, if ever, repair the ill-doing. All must bear the sorrows they bring upon themselves, even though they may end but with life; but it seemed to Louisa Elliot, in that first hour of her full affliction, that her punishment was greater than had ever yet fallen upon woman.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Say, ye angelic hosts,
Ye messengers of love,
Shall suffering printers here below
Have no redress above?
The angel band replied—
To us is knowledge given—
Delinquents on the printer's books
Can never enter heaven."

☞ God has given to the two sexes different intellectual powers and qualities—to us, the sterner and harder power of arriving at the truth chiefly by argument, by induction, and the like; while to her He has given that which, after all, is a higher attribute—the power of intuition, of perceiving what is true, what is pure, and what is noble, and, without the tardy process of a long-considered logic, of coming by that power with which He has endowed her heart at the truest and the best conclusion.—*Speech of the Bishop of Ripon in the British Parliament.*

Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boys, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are. —*Shakspeare.*

☞ Manners are of more importance than laws. Upon them in a great measure the laws depend. The law touches us but here and there, now and then; manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine us, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation like that of the air we breathe in. They give our lives their whole form and color. According to their quality, they aid morals, they supply them, or they totally destroy them.—*Burke.*

☞ Bishop Ames, while preaching in the Third Presbyterian Church in Indianapolis, "got off" a pretty good pun. It is known that the inhabitants of Illinois are called "Suckers," as those of Indiana are called "Hoosiers." The bishop, it appears, once got lost on a prairie in Illinois, and came very near sinking under fatigue and exposure. At length he discovered a cabin in the distance. He got to the door and knocked, and "the long-looked for Sucker (succor) came!"

☞ There is one moment in which ill-nature sincerely repents—the moment when it sees pity felt for its victim.—*Miss Edgeworth.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTE'R 4, 1858.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined:—"Minerva."

C. S. We know nothing of the person you mention. But beware of quacks.

Our Correspondent "L." who wanted to know of a college where classical studies were not insisted upon, will probably find his wants met in the Michigan University at Ann Arbor. The only charge to students is an admission fee of ten dollars. The necessary expenses of a student for a year, in board, washing, and books, will not vary from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and fifty dollars. A classical education can be had if wanted, or else a purely scientific education fitted to prepare students for practice in the mechanical arts, manufactures, commerce, agriculture, civil engineering, etc. This is in the strictest sense, a popular University, well endowed and furnished in every particular, as we judge from a printed report of it in our possession, which our correspondent "L." is welcome to, if he will give us his address.

RIVAL ROADS AND CITIES.

The principal difficulty in the case of the New York and Erie Railroad seems to be this—that both of the great New York roads, and especially the Erie, labor under a serious disadvantage in trying to compete with the more Southern routes. The New York roads are not only longer, but have cost more, than the Central Railroad of this State. Of course they labor under the following difficulty—if they charge the same rates per mile as the Pennsylvania road, they lose freight and passengers—if they charge less, they continually lose money. They have thus a natural obstacle constantly working against them, which can only be overcome at a serious cost. But who shall bear the yearly loss? The stockholders wish to have dividends—and the city of New York, which is plundered probably of three to four millions of dollars annually, never extends a helping hand to the railroads which minister to her wealth. The *Courier* of that city, arguing for a low rate of fares on these railroads, says:—

Whatever the cost of these roads, and however *disastrous as an investment*, beyond all peradventure they are worth ten times their cost to this great commercial metropolis. They are the great avenues of travel to our city, at all periods of the year, and, during the winter months, the only channels through which the produce of the West can reach us. * * * We hope that the managers of the Central and Hudson river roads, will not be unmindful of their duty to the public, and particularly to this metropolis, to keep the prices of transportation at *the lowest possible rate which will cover the actual cost.* * * * It has been truly said that "*eternal vigilance*" is the price at which Liberty is to be maintained, and we desire to impress upon every department of our State and City Governments, and upon our people generally, that the same vigilance is absolutely necessary *to prevent our commercial superiority being stolen from us by our enterprising neighbors.*

Very amusing, is it not? "Eternal vigilance" invoked to put a few more dollars into your pocket. For our part, we counsel Philadelphia to exert her "eternal vigilance" upon something a little more ennobling than Mammon worship. Suppose that New York has more inhabitants than we have, and does a larger amount of trade than we do—what of it? Rather than resort to all the contemptible meannesses, the low trickeries, the enterprising corruption of legislators and executives, which we have reason to believe are common things with the business men, politicians and leading newspapers of that city—and which are exerting a constant influence for evil over the whole country—we would consent to see Philadelphia remain stationary for the next century.

But we do not wonder that New York flounders, and struggles, and plays the game of brag as she does. Natural causes, it would seem, are working very strongly against her. Manufactures always require a larger population than Commerce—to manufacture a thousand dollars worth of anything, more capital and hands than to sell the same amount—the greatest cities of the old world are not the seaports—all are inland—having the iron and coal so near to us, we must always surpass New York in our manufactures—and, therefore, just in proportion as this country ceases to buy its cloths, hardware, &c., abroad, and manufactures them at home, will Philadelphia naturally begin to gain upon, until it finally surpasses New York.

But what of that? Supposing that we were twice as large as New York this day, how much better or happier would we be? Not a particle, probably. And therefore why should any sensible man care a brass farthing which city is the larger? Why exercise "eternal vigilance" in striving to surpass your neighbors—why not rest satisfied with equalling them? For that matter, a Philadelphian can go to New York, as some have done, and then crow about New York supremacy as loudly and foolishly as one "to the *manor* born"—or "the *manner* born;" one word seems to include the other in the case of a New Yorker.

And therefore, when New York wakes up after a new census, one of these fine mornings, and finds Philadelphia ahead in population and resources, let her citizens not go into sackcloth and ashes, and consider themselves humiliated—but let them sensibly and philosophically say, it is a matter of no importance, anyhow; breakfast just eats as well—and thereafter coolly settle down into a seaport Liverpool for this great American London.

Jurors.—Lord Campbell is about to introduce into the British Parliament a bill dispensing with the practice of requiring a unanimous verdict from a jury. He does not propose the majority principle, but he wishes to get rid of the practice of tampering with a jury by placing one man upon it to hold out against all the others. He desires that if, after certain deliberation by the jury, they all agreed except one or two, the verdict of those who had agreed should be considered as good as the verdict of the whole twelve, subject, however, to be reviewed, and, if necessary, set aside. This would tend completely to break up the practice of packing juries, or increase the risks, by making it necessary to bribe more than one of the jurors.

We would suggest as a change in our own laws relative to the unanimous verdict of a jury, that, after a certain number of hours, a verdict may be returned by eight out of the twelve jurors. The leading benefit, as it occurs to us, from the present system of requiring unanimity, is the perfect sifting of the subject which it tends to secure; for even though there be only one dissentient from the general opinion of the jury when it goes out, that one must be convinced, and, as it has sometimes happened, in trying to convince him, the eleven are convinced themselves that they have taken a superficial and inaccurate view of the subject.

As to the disadvantages of the present system, they are many. Not only is it a temptation to pack a jury, when it can be done by the bribery or unfair selection of one man—but by requiring unanimity, we require almost inevitably a departure from what is strictly just, because one or two dolt-headed, or perverse, or prejudiced individuals cannot see it. The large majority of verdicts, especially in civil cases, are compromises. In a case of damages, each man is requested by the foreman to write down what he thinks the amount to be awarded should be; all these amounts are added together, and the sum total being divided by twelve, you have the verdict. Of course, it is in practice an even more hap-hazard affair than we have indicated, for some will put down more, and others less than they really think should be the verdict, in order to balance what they fear will be the over-estimates or under-estimates of others. For these reasons, and others that might be given, we are inclined to think that after six or ten hours' deliberation, the verdict of two-thirds of a jury would generally be a fairer and better one than could be obtained from the whole number.

Caught Napping.—The *New York Times*, speaking of the Pyramids, says:

And as they stand now, after an existence of *four or five hundred centuries* are we to ignore the endurance, sleepless fatigue, and unrewarded toil of those men, coeval with the Pharaohs, who quarried the blocks of stone, hewed them into shape, and set them so deep down in their foundations that they can only topple down when all sublunary things experience their grand finale!

Not quite 6,000 years is the commonly received age of the world—but the *Times* would make it some 40,000 or 50,000 years from the building of the Pyramids, which doubtless have been erected since the deluge. Curious that the *Times* is so ignorant of the *times*.

And what authority has the *Times* for saying that the Pyramids "can only topple down when *all* sublunary things experience their grand finale?" Why a mere change in the course of the Nile might undermine their foundations in a few years, without even the rest of Egypt being seriously affected. Or an earthquake might perform the same destructive office upon them—leaving all the globe outside of Egypt unharmed. Let the *Times* avoid fine writing for the future—and stick to the facts. A writer on such weighty matters as the Pyramids especially, should not carry too much sail for his ballast.

☞ The First News despatched from London through the Atlantic Telegraph, was received in this city on Thursday, the 25th, dated London the 24th. The importance of the news—the conclusion of a Treaty of Peace with China, by which France and England are to be indemnified for the expenses of the war—having caused the Directors of the Telegraph Company to deviate from their announcement that the line would not be opened to the public before the first of September. Prepared as the public were for it, news only one day old from London, caused a thrill of pleasure through the community.

Converting Notes into Gold.—Louisa Pyne, the English cantatrice, has made a fortune, it is said, of nearly $100,000 in three years.

Of all the marvellous things in this world, the lavishness with which large sums of money are bestowed upon singers and dancers is certainly not the least marvellous. When the "dear public" will pay so much to have its ears tickled, is it not something of a proof that said "dear public" has very long ears?

NEWSPAPER ORACLES.

The *N. Y. Tribune*, in its edition of August 3rd, said:—

It is *demonstrated almost to a certainty* that the paying out machinery and cable itself are inadequate to obtain the result wished for. A few days more, and *the news of a new failure* will make it plainer still that the operations have been conducted by men unqualified to overcome the difficulties they had to contend with.

Again, *after* the cable had been laid, in an extra leaded leader—very appropriate it was, too, to have an extra quantity of lead in such an editorial—the *Tribune* indulged in a philosophical disquisition, of wonderful profundity, of which the following is an extract:

We cannot quite suppress a painful suspicion that the cable has not been stretched fully across the Atlantic at all—that there has been no communication whatever with Valentia, and will be none till another wire shall have been laid, and more successfully than this one. In short, we have a *shuddering suspicion* that our electricians have been deceived by the return to them on the cable of their own messages, *after the manner of an echo.*

The *Tribune* proceeded to quote various passages from Mr. Field's log-book, in order to confirm its "shuddering suspicion" that the electricians had had no communication either with Valentia, or even with the Agamemnon, but had been deceived by "the return of their own messages, after the manner of an echo." Now as an echo is always a *rebound*—never occurring where there is nothing to rebound from—we suppose the *Tribune* imagined that the electric current had travelled along the wire until it came plump against *something*, and thus been thrown back upon the senders. Of course if, owing to the extreme length of the cable, the electric current had simply become spent, and given out farther locomotion, there could be no echo. The *Tribune*, however, ventured upon no explanation of this "echo" theory, and very unwisely too did it forbear, for an attempt at explanation probably would have shown the writer the folly of his theory.

Well, in spite of the *Tribune's* "demonstration almost to a certainty" that the cable would not be laid—it was laid. In spite of the "shuddering suspicion" and the "echo" theory, messages have been transmitted from Ireland to Newfoundland. Need we say more—except to counsel the *Tribune*, and other would-be oracles, to cherish the Christian virtue of humility, and express themselves rather less confidently in the future.

Difference of Time.—The whole number of degrees of longitude being 360, and the earth turning on its axis every twenty-four hours, we must allow one hour to every fifteen degrees—or four minutes to one degree. Now as Philadelphia is seventy-five degrees from London, it makes a difference of three hundred minutes, or five hours between the two places. As we are West of London, of course our day begins later—and thus when it is noon at London, it is seven in the morning in this city.

Our readers throughout the Union therefore, to ascertain the difference of time between them and London, will simply have to turn to a map, to ascertain their degree of longitude—if it be calculated from the Greenwich (England) observatory, as it generally is—and multiply it by four, which will give them the difference of time in minutes. Thus the latitude of New Orleans is ninety. Multiplied by four, we have three hundred and sixty minutes, or six hours—there being just one hour's difference in the time of New Orleans and Philadelphia.

Mildew and Potato-Rot.—A correspondent of the *North American* recommends caustic sulphuret of calcium, as a reliable remedy both for the mildew of the grape vine and other plants, and for the potato-rot. It can be had at "a trifling cost," and contains sulphur in combination with lime, the European specific for the mildew on the grape,—and lime in combination with sulphuretted hydrogen, which will remedy the potato rot, whether it be the result of a fungous growth or of an insect. Why not try this remedy—so well adapted, it is thought, to the diseases of the grape, potato and other plants? We suppose that in applying it to the potato, it should be applied to the seed before planting. When it cannot be obtained, the simple dusting of the seed potato, several days before planting, with lime partly slaked by exposure to the atmosphere, is said to be a security against the rot.

Did Not Reciprocate.—The answer of the Lord Mayor of London to the Mayor of New York, says:—

"It is, indeed, one of the most glorious triumphs of the age, and reflects the highest credit upon the energy, skill and perseverance of all parties entrusted with so difficult a duty. And the Lord Mayor sincerely hopes that, by the blessing of Almighty God, it may be the means of cementing the kind feelings which now exist *between the two countries.*

"(Signed) R. W. Carden,
"Lord Mayor of London."

The Mayor of New York had spoken of "uniting the continents of Europe and America, *and the cities of London and New York;*" but the Lord Mayor of London says not a word about uniting the two cities, but only the "two countries." Rather a let down that. Suppose, as London will not reciprocate, Mayor Tiemann tries to tie on to Liverpool.

Rheumatism.—As this is *rather* an uncomfortable and troublesome complaint, some of our readers may thank us for stating, that we have a letter from Mr. T. M. N. Duncan, Cincinnati, Ohio, vouching for the efficacy of the following simple receipt which he found in The Post:—One ounce saltpetre, finely pulverized, in a half-pint of sweet oil; to be rubbed on the parts affected. Mr. D. says he had been afflicted twenty-five or thirty years at the time he saw the above receipt, some two years since, and naturally was very incredulous of success in trying it. He has had to apply it once or twice since, and has always found it efficacious. A friend who suffered "most excruciatingly" from rheumatism, also was relieved by the same application. We therefore think it is well worth a trial. It can do no harm, if it does no good.

☞ Why is the residence of the Mayor of any city like what never was nor ever will be? Because it is "a mare's nest."

Chinese Modes of Dealing with Foreigners.—Considerable amusement has been created by the announcement that the famous treaty negotiated with China by the Hon. Caleb Cushing, some years ago, was recently found by the British among the papers of Governor Yeh, at Canton. In all probability the "brother of the sun and moon" at Pekin had never either seen or heard of the treaty in question—Mr. Yeh taking it upon himself to amuse the "outside barbarian" in the manner most satisfactory to the latter.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

And when the seven thunders had uttered their voices, I heard a voice saying unto me, seal up those things which the seven thunders uttered. And I saw a mighty angel come down from heaven; and he had in his hand a little book open; and he sat his right foot upon the sea, and his left foot on the land; and he sware by him that liveth forever and ever, that there should be time no longer. And he laid hold on Satan, and bound him a thousand years, that he should deceive the nations no more: but after that he must be loosed a little season.—*Revelation.*

Now the last thunder to the world hath sounded,
And closed forever is the book of fate:
Now man's progression hath been marked and bounded,
And they who labored henceforth only wait.

The Apocalyptic Angel now comes forth,
And standeth on the sea and on the shore,
And lifting up his voice through all the earth,
Swears by the Eternal One that time shall be no more.

The six days fable of the old creation
Toucheth the past and future time likewise—
As a gray minstrel closeth his narration,
Then turns him round and straightway prophecies.

God wrought six days—creation is begun—
Symbol to man of what his work shall be;
Man toils a week of ages—and 'tis done—
Conquered are time and space, earth, air, and sea.

This is the day by seer and bard foretold,
The dawning of the thousand years of peace—
This is the chain that doth Apollyon hold;
Long may the angel tarry ere he bring release.

J. C. PEABODY.
—*Newburyport Herald.*

NEWS ITEMS.

The value of slave property in Mississippi is $229,000,200. Each slave in the parish of St. Mary, Louisiana, nets his master $175 a year, almost thirty-three per cent. of his assessed value.

On the 12th ult. a grand barbecue was given at Craytonville, S. C., in honor of the Hon. James L. Orr, Speaker of the House of Representatives. In the course of his speech on the occasion he took decided ground against the proposition to re-open the slave trade, as against the interests as well as the policy of the South.

Last year, says the Ashtabula (Ohio) Sentinal, we published a notice of the cultivation of spelts, a grain resembling wheat or barley, in Portage county. Mr. Roswell Cook, of Geneva, with the enterprize of a good farmer, immediately procured some of the spelts, and this year sowed it. From a quarter of an acre he got twenty bushels of grain, heavier than oats, which horses eat with eagerness, and will make as good bread as wheat. He also, after a journey of seventy miles, procured a variety of weevil-proof wheat, of which he has raised a good crop. He is now prepared to supply his brother farmers with seed.

We regret to learn from the Georgetown (Ky.) Journal that, on Tuesday evening, the 10th ultimo, Tommy, youngest son of the Hon. Alvin Duvall, came to his death by a very singular accident. His father and mother being away from home, a little negro girl got a vial of hartshorn, and was playfully holding it to the noses of the children. In putting it to the nose of the little boy, while he lay upon his back, she spilled the fluid into his mouth and nose. The result was death in thirty hours, the child suffering intense pain.

According to a German physician the use of crinoline is very dangerous to ladies in an interesting situation. He says it is this which in these latter times has rendered accouchement so dangerous and difficult. He adds that this execrable fashion causes great chilliness, the result of which is always fatal. It appears that in Switzerland, crinoline has made, if the physician in question is to be credited, as sad ravages as the cholera.

National Convention of Germans.—We see it stated that extensive preparations are making in New York for a national convention of Germans in that city, to be composed of delegates from the various German emigrant societies throughout the Union—the object being to urge the enactment of laws for the better protection of emigrants. The convention is to commence on the first of October, and to continue for three or four days.

Is Hume, the Medium, a Catholic?—Hume, the sorcerer, is not recognised as a Catholic. When he reverted to the forbidden practices of the black art, he did so in the face of the known censure of the church.—*Freeman's Journal.*

Singular Connection.—The Sparta (Tenn.) Times publishes the marriage of Joseph Rogers, aged ninety-two years, to Miss Nancy Chandler, aged twenty-five years. By this marriage Mr. Rogers becomes brother-in-law to his grandson—his grandson having married his wife's sister some 15 or 20 years since.

How Towns Grow in the West.—It seems that *very far* out west there was a tribe of Indians who lived in a very secluded, vast wilderness, where they had owed for their lodges a long time. One fine morning they all started off on a horse-stealing excursion, and did not return for many days. When they did, they found a first-class hotel, with nigger waiters and gongs, wine casks and Johannisberg, on the spot where their council-lodge had been, and a town scattered all around it, with lots at two hundred dollars a foot! Enterprising people, this!

A Drove of Mustangs.—The Evansville (Indiana) Journal says there arrived at Princeton a few days ago a drove of one hundred mustang horses which the owners purchased in Mexico, on the borders of the Rio Grande, and driven a distance of 1,900 miles, through Texas, Arkansas, Missouri and Illinois, in Gibson County, Indiana. They had been driven the entire journey without one cent of expense for feed. They had maintained themselves at night upon the grass they found in the way.

What They Are Doing in Ohio.—Within the past week, the wife of a well-known citizen of Zanesville has given birth to *five* children, under the following extraordinary circumstances:—She was brought to labor at apparently the proper time and was delivered of two children. Three days after, she was delivered of two more, and on the fourth day she had the fifth child. What is the most extraordinary of all this wonderful development, the physicians in consultation pronounced that she had yet a sixth of which to be relieved. Can the world equal this?—*Cleveland Herald.*

New Publications.

THE ARTS OF BEAUTY: OR, THE SECRETS OF A LADY'S TOILET, (Dick & Fitzgerald, New York,) is a treatise on the improvement, preservation and prolongation of female loveliness, the latest composition of the brilliant and masculine little Irish adventuress, who was born, as she tells us, in the city of Limerick,—baptized by the name of Marie Dolores Eliza Rosanna Gilbert—who subsequently became, in succession, Mrs. Captain James, Madame Dujarrier, Princess Schulkoski, (nearly,) and Countess of Landsfeld—and who is now, as of aforetime, best known to the astonished world by the name of Lola Montez. She is now in this country—the hey-day of her fortunes we suppose, past and over. Perhaps they culminated in that Bavarian Court, where the dazzling meteor of her career seemed for awhile about to be transformed into a steady star. "What Lola achieved in Bavaria," says the *Athenæum*, "is matter of history. Seldom has Phryne played so bold, so popular and so strong a part. For more than a year the adventurous little Irish woman was a Power in Europe.—She overthrew a ministry of five-and-twenty years. She put down the Ultra-mountanists.—She drove out Austrian counsels from Bavaria. A new system began to grow under her fostering *feet*—partly French, partly English, but wholly liberal and intelligent. That the task of transforming a nation in a single age should prove beyond the strength of woman or man need surprise no one. Austria set its terrible teeth at her. The whole strength of the Order of Jesus bore against her; and yet for months her wit, her daring, and her impudence baffled alike force and craft. Europe looked on amazed and amused." But at last Metternich and the mob grew too strong for her. Adverse politicians worked on the passions and prejudices of the populace—the froth and scum of the social cauldron rose in the ferment of insurrection—"bubble, bubble, toil and trouble." Then came the day when a raving rabble seethed and swirled, like a raging hell-pool, around the house of Lola. A thousand guns were pointed at her; a thousand voices roared at her as she appeared on the balcony, full of pluck and possession, with a spirit that could bully the bullies and mob the mob. But all was over. The mob heard the speech she made, and when her friends dragged her back into the house, the mob proceeded to set fire thereto. So Lola went off in the disguise of a peasant girl through the snow, seven miles from Munich, returning in the disguise of a boy to her last interview with Louis of Bavaria, whom she persuaded to abdicate, rather than repeal the reforms he had made at her instigation. The King having given his pledge to abdicate—a pledge which he subsequently made good—off went Lola in her boy's clothes under the stars of a midnight sky, to look back for the last time upon the dark spires and turrets of Munich. Her departure was the signal for the downfall of the Liberal system in Bavaria, and the retreat of King Louis into private life. And now Lola, still the meteor of the newspapers, having arrived in the United States, lectured to popular acceptation, and published her autobiography, gives in the little volume under notice, her advice to her more staid American sisters touching the conservation of their personal pulchritude, as one might say in Romanic-English—in plainer phrase, she tells them how to increase and preserve their beauty.—Her remarks are as certainly charged with good sense, as they are with piquancy and spirit. Perhaps, though, the promise of the title regarding the secrets of a lady's toilet, is best made good by the receipts given—choice as if culled, as mayhap they are, from the cabinets of "persons of quality"—receipts for making the skin bright and clear, for giving elasticity to the limbs, for keeping away wrinkles, for improving the complexion, for whitening the teeth, for preserving the hair, for removing freckles, for doing everything else imaginable in the way of beautification. Aside from these somewhat novel and artificial recipes—which may, we suppose, justly be considered "secrets"—Madame Lola's judicious counsels are open as the day, trite as truth, and simple as simplicity itself. Certain are we that if the golden-crystal fountain of Immortal Youth, which Juan Ponce de Leon couldn't find, is to be found anywhere, here it is, bubbling bright and gay in these gracefully didactic pages.—Temperance, exercise and cleanliness are the three cardinal conditions of beauty, according to Lola Montez. For a handsome form, you must constantly imitate, in the open air, she tells us, "the wild, romping activities of a spirited girl, who runs up and down as though her veins were full of wine." For a bright and smooth skin, the frequent use of the tepid bath, abstinence from late hours, from high living, from strong coffee, hot bread, grease, spices, &c., are indispensable. For a beautiful face, good temper, mental cultivation, spiritual and heroic thoughts, are as necessary as Lord Bacon said they were to health and long life. But why continue? The complexion, the habits that destroy it, the care of the hands, the feet, the eyes, the teeth, the hair, the voice, the art of dress and of ornamentation, are all descanted upon with good sense and taste. Then the lesson being over, we men, who may be supposed to be interloping bystanders, watching amusedly the dispensing of Madame Lola's crystal-golden water of Immortal Youth to the fairer sex, suddenly see the fairy diamond goblet laid down, the wooden ladle taken up, and we receive a copious splashing for our impudence. Restrained so long in the limits of lecturing decorum, with only here and there a furtive sparkle, Lola's wild Irish humor bursts forth at last in some sarcastic hints to gentlemen on the art of fascinating. Let those who wince under the satire, of which we give some specimens, say if it is not dashed with that electric Moorish-Spanish blood of the Montalvos which, Lola tells us, quickens the rapid Irish current of her veins! Here, for example:—

> I expect to win the gratitude of the whole masculine gender by these rules of the art of FASCINATING. It used to be supposed that this art belonged exclusively to my sex; but that was a vulgar error, which the sharp practice of the men has long since exploded.
>
> Love-making, indeed, seems to be the "being's end and aim" of man. He appears to think that he was born for no other purpose, and he devotes himself to the business with a zeal and an enthusiasm highly honorable to his exalted genius, and to the immortal station he claims for himself of being the *lord of Creation*.
>
> Set it down, then, that the women prefer *triflers* to men of *sense*, and when you wish to make one of the sex tremendously in love with you, you will of course make yourself as big a fool as possible, in order to ensure the most speedy and triumphant success. You will do this not only because women prefer such characters, but you will also consider that so little do the most sensible and fascinating women know of their own power, that, Nero-like, they will only stop to catch flies and gnats.
>
> Your hope of complete success then, lies in your ability to be a coxcomb, who has no earthly recommendation but his face, his coat, and his impudence.
>
> Then your dress:—
>
> You cannot be too attentive to your dress. You should never approach a lady except when dressed so as to look precisely as though a tailor had made you not more than fifteen minutes before. Be careful that your figure is consulted in the color and fit of your garments. If you are tall and lank, wear nothing but black, that you may "appear like a stick of black sealing-wax," which will impress the ladies with an idea of the adhesive quality of your nature. If you are short and dumpy, and "better made for rolling than for running," you will look particularly handsome in light or grey clothes, which will greatly enhance your fine rotundity. If your legs are small and crooked, do not fail to have your pants cut to fit a little tighter than your skin, as this will show to great advantage the delicacy of your proportions, while at the same time, it will familiarise a lady's eye to the sight of those disgusting spiders, which, otherwise, might cause great mischief by sudden frights. If you are wise, you will not fail to impress upon a lady's mind the idea that you are a great deal more particular about your *clothes* than your *mind*, for your mind, being always out of sight, can never offend her taste, whereas your clothes are constantly before her eyes.
>
> Or if you call upon a lady—
>
> Be sure that you say something smart, and make some local hit applicable to herself. For instance, if you perceive that she has a *cough*, you can say that you are sorry to hear that, as you fear it may lead to a *coffin*. Some such sublime joke as this will be sure to obtain you a favorable reception.
>
> Besides—
>
> You ought to know that there are four things which always possess more or less interest to a lady—a parrot, a peacock, a monkey, and a man; and the nearer you can come to uniting all these about equally in your own character, the more will you be loved. This is also a cheap and excellent recipe for making a dandy—a creature which is always an object of admiration and esteem to the ladies.
>
> Then again—
>
> Always have some joke ready which is intended to be a hit at woman. For instance, if you see a lady eating a piece of tongue, you can remark that you are surprised to see her doing that, as you thought the ladies had already *tongue* enough. Some such original joke as this will impress a lady greatly in your favor, by convincing her that you are one of those commonplace, insipid creatures, whose intellect is down to the low level of woman's, and that you will not, therefore, be likely ever to startle and annoy her, by propositions or conversations beyond the reach of her comprehension.
>
> And then, says Madame Montez—
>
> I advise you to study to perform a few pleasing and charming tricks in every lady's presence, such as snatching her pocket-handkerchief out of her lap and throwing it upon the floor, and violently stamping upon it; and when she asks, with terror, what you are doing, reply that you are killing a *viper*. Or you can open the door on a winter's night, and then astonish and delight her by asking if there are any *pickles in it?* and when she asks what you mean, reply, "nothing, only I see it is *a jar*." A few such tricks as these will convince a lady that you would be as amusing in a house as a monkey, and therefore would be a great prize as a husband.
>
> Between revolutionizing the state in Bavaria and winging squibs like these, what a contrast! But variety is the spice of the Countess of Landsfeld's life. Peace be with her.

THE COUPERS, OR GETTING UNDER WAY, by ALICE B. HAVES, (D. Appleton & Co., New York,) is a very pleasant domestic story, illustrating the household cares and responsibilities which attend the life of young married people. The account given is altogether of the surface, but, this allowed, it is faithful, spirited, amusing, and the general effect good.

THE TWO SISTERS, by MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH (T. B. Peterson, Philada.,) is one of the best of this lady's exciting and interesting novels, published originally in THE POST several years ago, under the title of "Virginia and Magdalene."

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW. Leonard Scott, New York. W. B. Zieber, Philada.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE. August. Leonard Scott & Co., New York. W. B. Zieber, Philada.

RATTLIN THE REEFER, by CAPTAIN MARRYATT. T. B. Peterson, Philada.

> THE custom is, for wrong or right,
> To practise sparking out of sight:
> So our old Buck and England's daughter
> Dispatch this business under water.
>
> —*Woburn Budget.*

☞ Writing (July, 1795,) to his Jewish friend, Emanuel, after a visit to Baireuth, Jean Paul Richter says:—"The day that I left Baireuth, the longest day of the year, was my shortest and happiest. * * * It is wonderful that men, in seasons of happiness, in youth, in beautiful places, in the fairest season of the year, incline more surely to the enthusiasm of longing; they think oftener of a future world, *and more readily form pictures of death;* while the opposite takes place in want, in age, in Greenland, and in winter."

> MORTALS that would follow me,
> Love Virtue—she alone is free:
> She can teach ye how to climb
> Higher than the sphery clime:
> Or, if Virtue feeble were,
> Heaven itself would stoop to her.
>
> —*Milton.*

☞ J. R. A., a writer in the Evening Post, calls "the *equator* an imaginary line which divides the world, and the *cable* a real line which *unites* it."

☞ An Ohio editor recently attempted to describe the powerful effects of warm weather, and here is one instance:—"A small negro boy injudiciously leaned up against the sunny side of the house yesterday, and fell asleep. In a few minutes he began to soften, and in three-quarters of an hour he run all over the yard. His mother dipped him up in a wash tub."

LETTER FROM PARIS.

A LOCALITY GROWN SUDDENLY FASHIONABLE—A HUNDRED YEARS AGO—THE TREASURY OF NOTRE-DAME—UPS AND DOWNS OF EMBROIDERY—THE LAST REFUGE OF GOLD THREAD.

Paris, August 5, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Pleasure-trains, and cheap excursion-trips by boats and steamers have, as you may well imagine, been actively organized on both sides of the channel in view of the brilliant show-off which began yesterday at Cherbourg. But notwithstanding the unusual preparations set on foot here for transporting that portion of the dear public that has a passion for being present on these occasions, the number of the liege subjects of the Queen of England present at this "solemnity," will doubtless be found to have enormously overpassed that of the French themselves. The latter, so mercurial at home, are great "stay-at-homes," as regards the spot of the earth's surface they happen to occupy; while their graver neighbors, so devotedly fond of their firesides (an object and centre of affection of which the French, as a rule, know literally nothing), are ready for a flight, at a moment's notice, to any distant spot, and seem delighted with the slightest occasion for making a dart to any foreign place. It is therefore tolerably certain that the sons and daughters of "perfidious Albion" will not have let slip the magnificent spectacle of to-day; and as the English railways and steamers have put down their prices to a wonderfully low figure, they are tolerably sure to have made "a bumper" out of the affair. Think, for instance, of a pleasure-trip from Bristol to Cherbourg, on board a fine and rapid steamer, being offered at the rate of $7,00 for the double journey!

Curiously enough, it was on this very day, one hundred years ago, that Cherbourg was taken by the English under Admiral Howe, and, to add to the completeness of the contrast of circumstances offered by the present occasion and that of a century ago, it is by a grandson of the gallant conqueror of Cherbourg, the present Rear-Admiral Freemantle Howe, that the British Squadron of Honor is commanded to-day. May the next hundred years witness a still greater progress towards amity between the two nations who have to play so leading a part in the affairs of the world; and may the present alliance, sincere enough as far as the two governments are concerned, be more cordially adopted by the French people, and prove to be only the first move towards that good understanding which we must hope, for everybody's good, is destined to spring up among all the branches of the great human family.

Meantime, the journals are full of the magnificent railway-carriage, containing salons, dining-room, sleeping-rooms, &c., all fitted up with more than oriental splendor and luxury, which had, the day before yesterday, the honor of transporting their imperial majesties to Cherbourg, together with the privileged mortals of the court, and those of the press, the bar, and other learned corporations, invited by the railway-company to witness the grand inauguration which will keep the actors in the show tolerable busy till the affair is over. Triumphal arches, green and crimson velvet hangings, with golden bees and golden fringes, wildernesses of flowers and foliage in unexpected places, and supplied by the spoils of all the gardens for twenty miles round, speeches of public functionaries, and delivering to the Emperor of golden keys that are supposed to endow him with some new "liberty" of the cities he honors with his presence, (as though he had not taken care to put himself into a position which makes such ceremonies, however picturesque, come dangerously near the confines of *the farcical!*) young peasant-girls in their pretty Norman costumes presenting to the Empress a basket adorned with flowers and filled with the finest samples of the laces of the region, public men, general-officers, archbishops and priests, resplendent in velvet, satin, embroidery, plumed hats, and regimentals, the Emperor and Prince Albert in irreproachable broad-cloth, and the royal, imperial, and other ladies resplendent as millinery and jewelers can make them, with the magnificent fleets in the magnificent harbor, and overhead the grand magnificence of the summer heaven, such are the elements of the scene offered to the eyes of those who are now at Cherbourg, and to the imaginations of those who are not!

Speaking of the glories of artistic tailoring of which the grandees at Cherbourg are to-day enacting the part of stalking-horses, reminds me of a visit I have just made to the Treasury of Notre-Dame, and all the splendors of ecclesiastical finery contained therein.

This "Treasury" is in the keeping of an official, whose business it is to show its contents at certain hours of the day, pocketing a certain fee levied in return on each guest, and to keep the precious objects safe from "thieves, moth, rust" and dust, through the rest of his existence. Several rooms, at the eastern end of the cathedral, taken out of its walls and between its buttresses, are appropriated to the magnificent objects which the Church of Rome possesses, and of which it must be admitted that she makes a most imposing use. In coffers of richly carved oak and ebony, finely embedded in the walls, and fastened with excellent bolts and locks, are cups, chalices, crosses, pyxes, pastoral crooks and rings, crucifixes, &c., &c., of every date and style of workmanship, some of them discovered in excavations and tombs under the Cathedral, and constituting relics of great interest to the archæologist, others the gift of successive monarchs and eminent men, all enriched with jewels, and very many of them of solid gold of the purest quality. On their marriages and coronations, and at the baptism of their children, the sovereigns of France always made some splendid gift of this kind to the metropolitan church; and the amount of treasure thus accumulated has become very large. Not only jewelled utensils for the altar, but gorgeously embroidered vestments for the Chapter of Notre-Dame, are presented on these occasions, also magnificent canopies and carpets, that have been employed in the stately ceremonies of the civil and ecclesiastical bodies, are left with the church by Regal or Priestly donors. The first Napoleon presented various magnificent and costly objects that had figured in his coronation, his second marriage, the baptism of the little King of Rome, &c.; and the present Emperor has equalled his predecessor in generosity. Certain Archbishops of Paris, and other exalted personages, clerical and lay, have almost rivalled the munificence of crowned donors in their offerings. Entire suits, with everything complete, for the whole posse of priests that figure in the grandest "full dress" ceremonies of the Catholic faith, with lace caps, aprons, and surplices of the most exquisite beauty, are among the princely offerings thus presented to the grand old metropolitan fane, and are used on grand occasions. Some of these constitute entire ecclesiastical outfits for thirty or thirty-five priests, including the Archbishop and his higher clergy; and are gorgeous and really beautiful to a degree that must be seen to be appreciated. Some are of velvet, covered with thick embroidery of large gold thread; others are of rich silk, stiff with silver and spangles; others again of cloth of gold, with patterns of marvellous beauty either woven of silk in the tissue itself, or embroidered upon it. The taste, delicacy, and beauty of the designs, in all of those, are such as to render them veritable works of art. In some of them jewels are introduced; in others, inlaid jewels are imitated in the embroidery with such skill that you can hardly believe they are not real. And the old "*point*," the "*guipure*," the "*Alençon*," "Mechlin," and "Brussels!" What lady-visitor but "leaves little bits of her heart" in the capacious swinging drawers—or rather superposed trays of mahogany, oak, and cedar, semi-circular, and swung in and out upon pivots, by means of strong brass screws and handles—which serve as repositories for all these delicate tissues?

A curious chapter in the history of fashions is afforded by the vicissitudes of the art of embroidery in the precious metals, a style of adornment now eagerly adopted by the Court and the great, and anon forbidden by sumptuary edicts intended to discourage the prodigalities of the rich; alternately flourishing and depressed, but persisting in defiance of every obstacle, and now carried to a degree of marvellous perfection by almost all the countries of Europe.

Under Louis XIV. a royal patent was occasionally issued, permitting a certain style of dress to be worn by one or other of the courtly favorites whom his despotic Majesty thus singled out for particular honor. One of these patents, still in existence, issued to the Prince de Conde, runs as follows:—"To-day, February 4, 1685, the King being at Paris, having, by his ordinance of January 17, commanded that no one shall ornament jackets with lace or embroidery of gold or silver, without having had the express permission of His Majesty by letters-patent, His Majesty, desiring to gratify M. le Prince de Conde, and to give him an especial mark of his regard which may distinguish him from all others about his person and of his Court, hereby permits the said Prince de Conde to wear a blue jacket, trimmed with galloon, frogs, lace, or embroidery of gold and silver, of the form, and in the manner, that shall be prescribed to him hereafter by His Majesty; and the said Prince shall not be liable to the imputation of having contravened the abovementioned ordinance, from whose obedience he is released by these present letters-patent, which His Majesty, as a testimony of his royal pleasure, has signed, with his own hand, and has caused to be countersigned by me, his Councillor, Secretary of State, and of Finance, &c., &c."

The same favor was accorded, among others, to the Marquis de Vardes, who was considered at one period, as the "fine flower" of this brilliant Court, but who was subsequently banished from France. On his return from exile, in 1682, the Marquis presented himself at Court in the same jacket which royal favor had formerly prescribed as a sign of especial honor. But the fashion of the day had changed during the favorite's change of fortune; and the King could not help laughing at the odd effect of the then antiquated piece of finery.

"Sire," said the Marquis, with the quick knack of compliment possessed in such perfection by the courtiers of the Grand Monarque, and, possibly, with a touch of sarcasm in the remark, "when one is so miserable as to be out of your presence, not only is one unhappy, one also becomes ridiculous."

But though the fashion of gold lace and embroidery had passed for the moment, it was not long in raising its head again, notwithstanding the edicts against it, provoked by the inordinate extravagance with which the rich, and those who desired to be thought so, lavished their fortunes on their wardrobes. The plays of Moliere, as well as the chronicles of the time, have preserved for the amusement of posterity the aspect of the *beau monde* of that epoch, covered with embroideries of gold and silver, glorious with ruffles, ribbons, high heels and powdered wigs.

To discourage this extravagance, sumptuary laws were issued at various times, forbidding the production or wearing of gold and silver embroidery in France; and these laws, though they failed to prevent the wearing of this embroidery, rendering its manufacture so precarious that the trade gradually declined here, and the gay world of Paris was fain to import its stiff brocades and its shining embroidery from Milan, whose fame for this branch of production was deservedly high.

Colbert, having revived the manufacture of carpets, lace, mirrors, cannons, tin ware, soap, and other articles which France had come to procure in a great measure from abroad, determined to revive the art of working in gold and silver thread, which had previously flourished in Lyons, under the direction of his great-uncle, Oudart Colbert, who had been ennobled in 1604, as a reward for his achievements in this branch of industry; and in the course of a few years, the gold and silver-workers of Lyons were the successful rivals, and at length the supplanters, of the Milanese. But though the skillful Minister conferred a monopoly of this industry on Masters Gerior & Bourgeois, of Lyons, urging them to push forward the development of this costly industry, and assuring them that the sumptuary laws against these ornaments would remain a dead letter, the manufacturers in question were alarmed for the safety of their enterprise, and abandoned it after few years' effort. The art seemed, indeed, to be totally abandoned; the workmen trained with so much care were all dispersed, and the factory closed, when Clautrier offered to make another attempt to restore it. This attempt, patronized by Colbert and by the Archbishop of Lyons, was successful, and the artisans of Lyons soon became renowned for their skill in this department.

Some idea of the rage for splendor of dress that had seized on the French mind at this epoch, may be gathered from occasional notices of the toilettes of the persons of the Court, as, for instance, the famous dress of Mme. de Montespan, described by Mme. de Sevigne. This dress was made entirely of gold; it had "a gold ground of rich and elegant patterns, composed of gold threads of different shades; upon this ground was embroidered a magnificent raised design in gold, bordered with another gold, and scattered over with tufts of curled gold thread, imitating flowers in relief, picked out with yet another gold, composed of mixed shades of the precious metal." What effect all this mixture of gold really produced, it is hard to say; but according to Mme. de Sevigne, it was so splendid and so beautiful that its production must have been "the secret work of fairies."

It is curious to see by the records of the "*Mercure Galant*," that the King, after seeking in vain, by the imposition of fines, and the issuing of innumerable prohibitions, to put down the use of gold and silver embroidery, appeared at the marriage of the Duke du Maine, in 1692, in a coat of gold brocade, embroidered with silver, prepared expressly for that occasion. The youthful bridegroom wore a coat of rich black silk, embroidered with gold. The King's brother, Monsieur le Prince, sported three different suits, one at the betrothal, another at the marriage, and a third at the festivities of the following day. Of these we learn that one was "cinnamon-colored, with silver," another was "coffee-colored, with gold." The Count de Toulouse wore a coat of French-gray cloth, with a rich border and ornaments of gold, and sprigged over with anemones in the same metal.

Nor were the ladies behind the sterner sex on this occasion. The Duchess of Burgundy was arrayed in a train of green satin, profusely embroidered with gold, slightly intermixed with silver, and a skirt of pink satin with silver. The Princess de Conti displayed her beautiful person in a train of amaranth satin, with a skirt of jonquil satin, both covered with silver; the bride herself being arrayed in silver brocade.

Extravagance of all kinds was the order of the day under Louis XIV. and his successor; gold being used profusely in dress, on furniture, and on the mouldings of rooms, and the most gorgeous and costly materials of every species being eagerly employed. In 1767 Lyons cloth for men's coats cost 600 francs the ell; equivalent to about £100 in our day, "and people were not frightened at this excessive price," says St. Aubin in mentioning the fact.

The skill attained by most of the continental nations in the production of these sumptuous tissues and embroideries was strikingly displayed at the exhibition of 1855; France, however, for grace of design, and richness of execution, maintaining her supremacy, though closely followed by her numerous rivals. In the art of embroidering in the precious metals on transparent muslins and filmy gauzes, Europe is still at an immense distance from the embroideresses of Turkey, India, China, Tunis and Algiers. The exigencies of more northern climates will probably prevent this branch of the art from ever attaining any great degree of development in Europe; while Russia and Germany rival France in the weaving and embroidery of ecclesiastical vestures and court-trains with gold and silver wire, and glowing with all the hues of Flora's dar'inga, almost as closely as Italy and Spain.

As the use of this species of embroidery was discontinued by people of rank in their own dress, gold and silver came to be employed in the liveries of their servants, from which they are now gradually disappearing in their turn. Oddly enough, the robes of the priests, on state occasions, afford almost the sole remaining outlet for the highest development of this branch of artistic industry; and visitors to Paris should not omit seeing the exquisite specimens of this style so carefully preserved, and comparatively so little known, now garnered in the ecclesiastical treasury of the old shrine of Notre-Dame. QUANTUM.

☞ THE ORIGIN OF ENGLISH BOXING.—"In England," says an amusing character in a recent Russian comedy, "there are so many inhabitants, and so little land, that one man is constantly pushing up against another. The push is returned. This one has recourse to his fists: that one retaliates; and thus the terrible art of boxing has originated."

☞ Sir Walter Scott and Daniel O'Connel, at a late period of their lives, ascribed their success in the world principally to their wives. Were the truth known, theirs is the history of thousands.

> WEAR seemly gloves; not black, nor yet too light—
> And least of all the pair that once was white;
> Let the dead party where you told your loves
> Bury in peace its dead bouquets and gloves;
> Shave like the goat, if so your fancy bids,
> But be a parent—don't neglect your kids.
> Have a good hat, the secret of your looks
> Lives with the beaver in Canadian brooks:
> Virtue may flourish in an old cravat,
> But man and nature scorn the shocking hat.
>
> —*Holmes.*

☞ The prominent feature, after all, of the Atlantic Cable, is its Nose—it being an *aqualine*.

> THE grace, the gentleness of virtuous age!
> Though solemn, not austere, though wisely dead
> To passion and the wildering dreams of hope,
> Not unalive to tenderness and truth.—
> The good old man is honored and revered,
> And breathes upon the young-limbed race around
> A gray and venerable charm of years.
>
> —*Robert Montgomery.*

☞ Paddy's description of a fiddle cannot be beat:—"It was the shape of a turkey, and the size of a goose; he turned it over on its back and rubbed its belly with a stick; and och! St. Patrick! how it did squale!"

NEWS ITEMS.

SCIENTIFIC BURGLARY.—One of the most recent improvements used by burglars in this city is the use of the blowpipe, to draw the temper of the chilled iron and steel placed as a guard against cutting instruments around the locks of safes and vaults.—*New York Scientific American.*

KANSAS.—The Kansas Commissioners under the English bill have officially proclaimed the result of the recent election—as follows:

To *accept* the English proposition.	1,788
To *reject* that proposition,	11,309
Total vote, 13,088. Majority for rejection, 9,512.	

No fraudulent votes were received, but a few precincts were rejected on account of informalities.

ROBERT DALE OWEN, the American Minister at Naples, writes a letter to the N. Y. Freeman's Journal, denying its report that he had become a Catholic. Without belonging to any religious body, he holds to the Unitarian doctrine, and says he is writing a work which, though not on the subject of religion, will satisfy his readers what his religious views are.

DEATH OF SOYER, THE CELEBRATED COOK.—M. Alexis Soyer, one of the most energetic, intelligent, and remarkable enthusiasts in culinary science, died recently of renal apoplexy.

GREAT STEAM PLOUGHING MATCH.—At the recent show of the Royal Agricultural Society, held at Chester, England, on the 14th ult., five steam ploughs contested for a handsome prize of £500, ($2,425.) Four of the ploughs were operated by steam engines fixed on the field and moving the "shares" back and forth by ropes and windlasses. The fifth plough (Boydell's) had a traction engine, which moved over the field. Each of these turned over four furrows at once, and the work was well done by them, all but one, which broke down. The soil was a hard, dry, stiff clay. Furrows of nine inches deep were turned over, and the competition was very spirited. The successful plough was Fowler's; it executed one and three-quarters of an acre in two hours.

"RUNNING" A CHURCH.—A man sitting on the verandah of an up country inn, hailed one of the oldest inhabitants and inquired the denomination of the church on the opposite side of the road. The reply was, "Wal, she was a Baptist nat'rally, but they don't run her now."

THE LATE FIGHT, at Mississippi city, which resulted in the death of Mr. Simmons, steward of Barnes' Hotel, by the hands of J. M. Walker, cook of the house, arose from a dispute some days before as to the naming of a dish, the steward calling it "Gopher," the cook insisting on "Terrapin." The quarrel grew apace for a month, and from this foolish commencement came a fight and a murder.

ALEXANDER PERAULT was recently sentenced to two years' imprisonment in the penitentiary, at Montreal, Canada, for stealing *two pence* from the poor box of the Cathedral, in that city.

THE HOP CROP in New York State, this year, will not, it is said, amount to two-thirds of that of former years.

CAPT. ELISHA T. PARSONS, of Ludlow, Mass., went out one morning lately and found that one of his hens was brooding a skunk and one chicken; the skunk having eaten eleven of the chickens, and liking the warm nest in which he found them, curled down under the hen and went to sleep.

POLYGAMY VS. THE BOOK OF MORMON.—The Utah correspondent of the New York Times develops some curious facts in relation to polygamy among the Mormons. It appears that the Book of Mormon, the standard authority among that people, expressly forbids and denounces polygamy and concubinage; and that in establishing the system of many wives in his community, Brigham Young has directly contravened an explicit command.

THE MADISON (Wis.) Journal records a romantic marriage at Mazomania, in that county. The groom was a returned Californian, who left his wife for the auriferous land about seven years ago, and the bride the wife that was left. She had heard of his death, but subsequently heard he was alive, but did not intend to return, and therefore procured a divorce. A short time since he returned, and called on his former wife. A courtship was reopened, the result of which was, he led her to the altar a second time.

WHICH CAR IS THE SAFEST?—At the late railroad accident at the Sanquoit bridge, the forward car went down; in the Erie railroad accident the rear car went off the embankment; and at the accident on the Housatonic railroad the middle car was entirely destroyed.

INFORMATION has been received that Lord Derby has signified his willingness to amend the charter of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, so as to place the United States and British governments on a footing of absolute equality.

JUDGE BREESE, the Buchanan candidate for U. S. Senator in Illinois, is about to take the stump against Douglas and Lincoln—and thus make a triangular fight.

FROM UTAH.—News from Salt Lake city says that the Indians are now more hostile than ever. Nearly all the tribes are committing depredations. They have killed a number of settlers and stole several bands of horses. The military, it is said, have not yet taken measures to protect the Mormons. The soldiers having been paid in the latter part of July, a large number of them deserted and carried off many mules and much clothing belonging to the citizens. Governor Cumming still retains the confidence of the Mormons.

MR. T. F. PORTER, of Woodford Co., Ky., recently declined a challenge sent by Hon. T. F. Marshall, not recognizing that mode of settlement. A sensible man.

LIME AND YELLOW FEVER.—An acquaintance of ours, who some years ago worked at the business of brick masonry in New Orleans, informed us a few days since, that it was often remarked, while he was in that city, that four carpenters died of yellow fever where one brick mason did, and that the latter were more exposed to the sun, and under ordinary circumstances would be more liable to take the fever than the former. He says the difference in favor of brick masons was attributed to their working so much in lime.—*Painters' Banner.*

WONDERFUL ROTATION OF CROPS.—A friend thus describes his summer's gardening operations: The bugs ate our cucumbers, our chickens ate the bugs, neighbors' cats ate the chickens, and we are in hopes that something will now eat the cats.

THE English papers give the credit of laying the cable across the Atlantic to Mr. Bright, the engineer. They say the plan, the arrangement, and the execution were principally his; and he had previously studied elaborately and successfully the capacity of electricity for telegraphic purposes. The New York papers claim the credit for Mr. Field. As neither can claim the success of more than half the cable, the honor can be divided between them.

A YANKEE chap, down in Holt, Kansas, occupying an old Daguerrean wagon by the roadside, was discovered a short time since, washing and scouring an old gun barrel. On being asked what he intended to do with it, he replied that he was fixing up to go into the liquor business, and to avoid the law, was going to make use of this tube instead of glasses, thereby making it appear beyond dispute that he is selling liquor *by the barrel!* The fellow is doing a thriving business. A great many persons have been "shot in the neck" by this novel contrivance.

LADIES' HATS.—The new bonnet is a unique affair, and resembles a cabbage leaf trimmed with tomatoes. The price is cheap—only thirty dollars.

THERE are forty-six persons in England who have incomes of £450,000 ($2,200,000) a year, equal to two millions and a quarter dollars, while four hundred and forty-four persons have incomes ranging from fifty to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, and eight hundred and eleven from twenty-five to fifty thousand.

THE BLANKSHIRE THICKET.

TWO ADVENTURES IN IT.

Thickets in Blankshire, England, are not now the dense masses of underwood which they are still popularly believed to be, and which, perhaps, once they were. The ram of the patriarch Isaac would scarcely be caught in any one of these by his horns; vast quantities of sheep, indeed, make their pasture land of our thicket without paying further tribute to the briars and the prickly gorse than a few handfuls of wool, and a man may walk miles and miles upon it without meeting with greater inconveniences than an occasional thorn in his flesh.

The lordly stag (not seldom uncarted on our thicket) finds across an obstacle which his easy canter cannot surmount without a bound; the large limbed hounds, whose mistress is the queen herself, dash through it at full speed, unheedful of the gorse which reddens their tail tips; and the scarlet-coated hunters take their way by fifties and by hundreds across the densest part of it almost as swiftly as along its open turf roads.

A lonely spot it is at all seasons, bleak enough in winter, but beautiful and brilliant with color in the summer time; then, except the little round bald patches which mark the halting places of the numerous companies of gipsies who at that period haunt our Blankshire thicket, all is green or golden. The soft south wind is never weary of blowing there, although always somewhat faint with the odor of the gorse blossoms; the lark is never tired of singing in the blue above, nor the grasshopper in the green beneath; nor the butterfly of roaming over the dangerous blooms whose sharp spears threaten in vain its delicate fairy wings. There are few thickets like it, and those few are growing fewer day by day. It is not impossible that the Enclosure Act may lay its claws, or one of its clauses, before long, even upon Brierly Thicket; indeed, I have missed a corner here, and a good strip there, and what I have known to be a capital rabbit bank, has become a cornfield patch already, so that the sooner I say what I have got to say about our thicket—while it is a thicket—the better.

In the good old times, which were five-and-thirty years ago exactly, Brierly, which is now a stagnant country town, was a place of importance. The great western road to London, the King's highway (which is now, alas! the railroad,) ran through it, and upon that road seventy-three coaches passed and repassed daily. Forty-five of these changed horses at the Calderton Arms, which was the best hotel in our town, and patronised by Lord Calderton, of Brierly Park, who in those days saved us the trouble of choosing a representative in Parliament by nominating one himself, and bidding us vote for him.

In those good old times it must be confessed that our thicket was not so safe as it is now. No coach ever crossed it after dusk without the guard having his loaded blunderbuss ready to his hand, lest he should meet with any gentlemen of the road, and many were the robberies to which, despite that precaution, passengers were obliged to submit.

Brierly farmers driving home from market in the evenings used to go armed, and with at least one companion. Pedlars who were foolish enough to expose the contents of a valuable pack at any place upon one side of our thicket, rarely got scot-free to the other; nay, if they made resistance, they sometimes never crossed it at all, for highway robbery being then a hanging matter, murder was no worse, and it was as well, said the thieves with the proverb, to be hung for a sheep as for a lamb. There was a patrol upon our thicket, it is true, but he did not very much deter the marauders, and simple nervous passengers, always mistaking him for a robber suffered three parts of the wretchedness of being robbed in the fright. Nevertheless there were honest men, then as now, who cared for never a thief living: and one of these was Farmer Johnson of Stoat Farm, near Brierly, and another was my Uncle Jack.

Farmer Johnson was accustomed to cross our thicket at all seasons and at any hour, as often alone as in company, and unless he walked (which, as he was fourteen stone, he was generally loth to do,) without even an ashplant wherewith to defend himself. He ran such risks indeed without ever coming to harm, that it was popularly understood, in fun, that he was himself in league with the highwaymen, which in those times it was not such a very uncommon thing for men of some substance to be. Nevertheless, even Farmer Johnson was stopped at last, upon our thicket.

He was returning late at night from Fussworth market in his gig alone, and with a pretty heavy purse in his pocket, the proceeds of a successful sale in barley; his good fortune made him whistle as he drove, and his good mare Salt-fish, who was almost a thoroughbred, spanked along merrily without touch of whip, as if she sympathised with her master. When they had reached about the middle of our thicket, a man sprang up on either side the road from amid the gorse and stood in the way, while at the same instant a third fellow laid his hand upon the gig behind. Farmer Johnson understood the state of affairs at a glance, and knowing that he could rely upon the mare, took his measures accordingly; by a sharp pull at the bit he caused the docile Salt-fish (who had come to a full stop upon two legs and presented the unusual sign in heraldry of a horse rampant in a gig passant) to run backwards with surprising agility, knocking down the gentleman behind, and playfully trampling upon him in her retreat; thus Farmer Johnson extricated himself from the dilemma, and had he been wise would have trotted back to Fussworth well satisfied enough; but he had just come from thence, and was bound for his own residence, Stoat Farm, nor was he a man very easily induced to change his determination. Gathering up the reins, therefore, and holding the mare well together, he rushed her at the two men who still stopped the way, and scattered them like chaff.

"Good-night, gentlemen!" he cried, satirically, as he bowled along at some fifteen miles an hour, but the words had scarcely left his lips, when Salt-fish and gig, and all, heeled completely over, and Farmer Johnson's triumph was ended. The three thieves, it seems, regardless of omens, were the proprietors of a long, stout rope, which was stretched across the road on pegs, and had thus caused his misfortune. In another minute, and before he could rise, his enemies were upon him: resistance from an unarmed man was useless, for though they had no pistols they could have beaten out his brains with their bludgeons in a few minutes; so Farmer Johnson submitted as patiently as he could, and confined himself to making a particular study of their countenances, with a view to recognizing them under more auspicious circumstances. They took his purse, and gave him a good drubbing, in return for the trouble which he had given them, and they would have doubtless taken his mare also, but that she had in the meantime gone off towards Stoat Farm, of her own accord, with the remonstrating gig behind her.

Farmer Johnson, as he started homewards on foot amid the laughter of his despoilers, was sensible neither of his loss nor of his bruises; an overwhelming desire for revenge swallowed up, like a Moses's rod, all other feelings; he had scarce patience to get a prudent distance away from his late companions, before he gave the long shrill whistle, which Salt-fish knew so well as her master's summons; back came the high-blooded mare at a hand-gallop, instantly, and the farmer climbed up into the gig; he put his hand under the driving seat and brought out exultingly a new sharp sickle.

"Fool that I was," cried he, "to have forgotten this, which I bought only this very day." It was a present which he had promised to one of his men, and ten minutes before would perhaps have been worth two hundred pounds to him. "What's done, however, could be undone," according to the persevering farmer, and giving the mare a flick with the whip-lash, he turned her into a turf-road which runs through our thicket from that place, and presently joins the highway again by a circumbendibus; by this means he could come, from the same direction as before, over the very same ground, and if the thieves should be still there, he was prepared for them. His only fear was that they would have decamped with their booty. They, however, thinking that "old twenty-stun" (as they had irreverently called him) would be a long time going afoot to Brierly, had set their trap anew for more game from Fusworth market, and hearing the sound of wheels, pricked up their ears and grasped their bludgeons. No sooner, however, did the running footman, the third man of the party, lay his hand upon the gig behind, than Farmer Johnson, who was waiting for him, struck him over the head with the sickle, to such a good purpose, that the man dropped in the road.

"I forgot," cried the stout yeoman, as he came up with the other two, "I forgot, when I met you before, sirs, to give you this," holding up the weapon, and leaping out upon the left hand man: this fellow, astounded by such an address, and really bewildered at seeing again the same individual whom he had such excellent means for knowing was elsewhere and in sad plight, made but a feeble resistance, and after his fall, his comrade took to his heels across the trackless thicket: the farmer was at no time very well calculated to catch a runner, and pursuit was of course, under the circumstances, not to be thought of. The stolen purse was luckily in the pocket of the first man, and with that and his two captives—most grievously mauled by the sickle—the plucky old yeoman came into Brierly about day-break, and covered himself, as may well be believed, with provincial glory.

The other adventure, which I remember to have happened upon our thicket, occurred to my Uncle Jack. He was what was called in those good old times which I have referred to, a red-hot radical, or as we should now say, a moderate whig, and in the electioneering practices of that date he was a somewhat unscrupulous proficient: his hatred of the noble house of Calderton, which arrogated to itself the right of appointing the member for the borough, was of a nature of which we moderns, unacquainted as we are with what political animosity really means, can have no conception: "all's fair at election time," was a favorite moral precept with my uncle, and one up to which, whenever Brierly was contested, he most conscientiously acted.

The struggle between the nominee of his lordship, and a certain yellow candidate from the metropolis, was, upon one occasion—the first in which the Calderton rule was rebelled against with any hope of success—excessively keen, and the screw was put very sharply upon the Brierly tenants. Uncle Jack, the better to observe the enemy, was stopping at the Calderton Arms itself, from which he secretly sent forth his ukases, and regulated liberal affairs. He saw that these were going badly; that more money was wanted, and that, for certain reasons, neither in Brierly notes, nor even in those of the Bank of England, but in good, untestifying, unrecognisable gold sovereigns from the Mint. There was very little time to procure it in, and the getting it from town was a highly important and most confidential task, so Uncle Jack, after some consultation with those he considered could be trusted, determined to undertake it himself.

Nobody, reasoned he, would surely suspect him, an inmate of the Calderton Arms, of being the purse-bearer of the Friends of Liberty. Robert Supple, the landlord, who was, of course, Caldertonian to the back-bone, and had a considerable following, was a dull man, who thought himself shrewd, and of the easiest possible sort to hoodwink: while his son was a scamp, if not something even worse, whose feelings were not likely to be interested in any electioneering matter whatever.

Uncle Jack was neither a dull man nor a scamp, ergo (so he proved it) he was more than a match for them. He ordered out his gig and his big brown horse in order to go to Fussworth; there was certainly no mistake about that; he mentioned Fussworth twice, distinctly, to Mr. Supple, who was smoking his pipe at the inn-door, with an expression of countenance as though he were personifying human wisdom at the request of some eminent sculptor. He spoke of Fussworth, casually, to Supple the younger, as he hung about the inn-yard, as usual, with both his idle hands in his pockets; and Fussworth, said he, nodding to the ostler, as he snatched the horse-cloth cleverly off the brown at the moment of departure: and yet Uncle Jack was going farther than Fussworth that same day, nevertheless.

It was night,—midnight, by the time my uncle got upon our thicket again upon his way home. He had nobody with him, and no weapon of any kind, and he had two thousand pounds in gold under the gig-seat. It was upon this last account that he kept his eyes so sharply about him, and listened so painfully with his ears, and not through any fear upon his own account, for Uncle Jack was bold as a lion. He was anxious lest the cause of liberty should suffer a dire loss: lest the Calderton clique should triumph on this as on all other occasions, through any misadventure of his; and it was for this alone that he feared the chances of the dark, and highwaymen.—Blindfold, he had almost known every inch of the way, as he drove through the gloom, as softly as he possibly could, with his wheels low on the sand, and dumb on the turf, and grating on the hard road but rarely: sometimes he would even pull up to listen, and he did not press the brown steed to speed at any time, but kept him as fresh as his long journey would permit him to be, in case it should come to a stern chase.

Presently, in the centre of the way there loomed a horseman, and the fatal—Stand!—rang hoarsely over the heath. My uncle would have made a rush, and trusted to the fellow's pistol missing fire, but he saw that the muzzle covered him, and that the risk was too tremendous for that.

The robber, who was masked, rode up to his side with the weapon still levelled, and demanded his money. My uncle offered him his watch, and some loose sovereigns, but the other shook his head.

"I want the money under the seat," cried he, hoarsely; "I know you have it there."

"If you know that," said my uncle, quietly, "you must also know that not a penny of it belongs to me: I will not voluntarily give it up to any man,—I will die first,—but since you have a pistol, I cannot help your taking it if you have a mind, and may I live to see you hung, you rascal."

Uncle Jack used some rather excited language besides, which would better bear repetition in those good old times, than in these, and then suddenly shifted his legs, so that the bags of gold under his seat could be got at.—The highwayman leaned forward to reach them with one hand, still keeping the pistol levelled in the other, as though he knew the man he had to deal with; but in doing this he bent his head for a second, and, before he could raise it again, Uncle Jack was upon him like a lion. By striking spurs into his horse, the robber managed to extricate himself, but in the brief struggle the pistol went off harmlessly, and remained with my uncle; and before the wretch could draw another, the big brown was laying his four feet to the ground to some purpose; they were nearly at the end of our thicket, before the enraged highwayman could come within range of them.

"Chuck out the gold," he cried, in a terrible voice, "or I'll shoot ye."

"Shoot and ———," hallooed Uncle Jack, whose flying wheels, no longer particular about making a noise, drowned the rest of the sentence. "I'll lay a pound that I'll live to see you hung."

He knew it was not an easy matter for a man on horseback to shoot a man in a gig—both flying. After they had gone on in this fashion for some time,

"Patrol," cried my uncle, joyfully, and at the full pitch of his voice.

"Death and thunder!" or something of that kind, exclaimed the highwayman, as he pulled up his mare upon her haunches. By which device Uncle Jack gained fifty yards, and got quite out of the thicket. In five minutes more he had reached the toll-gate, and was out of Robber-land.

Not a word said he of his adventure to the ostler, roused up at one in the morning to attend upon him; only, "What has become of the gray?" asked he, carelessly, as his eyes rested upon an empty stall in the huge stable wherein his own brown was housed.

"Master William has took him out to Wutton until the day after to-morrow," was the simple reply.

Uncle Jack retired to rest with the serenest of smiles, and deposited the gold in safety under his mattress. On the next morning his landlord waited upon him after breakfast, by particular desire.

"How many votes, my good friend," said my uncle, "can you really command now, independently of his lordship?"

"Why you surely ain't a-coming that game?" said the innkeeper, grimly. "I should have thought you had known me by this time better than that; I am a-going to bring seventeen voters up to poll next week to vote for the True Blue, however, and I don't care who knows it."

"Seventeen," said my uncle, smiling, "that will do capitally: I should not have thought, Mr. Supple, you could have brought so many. This will be equivalent to giving us thirty-four," added he, soliloquising, "and he only wanted thirty to win."

"To giving you thirty-four?" cried the indignant host; why, I'd see you hanged first; leastways, not you, sir, but the whole yellow lot—"

"Do you know this pistol?" exclaimed my uncle, suddenly, and with a great deal of sternness, "and are you aware to whom it belongs?"

"Yes, I do," said the innkeeper, a little uncomfortable, but not in the least suspecting what was to come, "it belongs to my son William."

"It does!" said Uncle Jack. "I took it from him last night upon Brierly thicket, where he tried to commit a highway robbery with a badly fitting mask on his face; which is a hanging matter, Mr. Supple."

The agony of the father (who was only too convinced of the truth of what was said, as he had himself mentioned to his son his suspicions of what my uncle was really gone to Fussworth about) was terrible to witness, and moved the accuser greatly. "Spare him; spare my son!" exclaimed the poor fellow.

"Do I look like the sort of man to hang the son of anybody who promises to do me a favor?" said Uncle Jack, placidly: "but," added he, with meaning, "you had better not forget those seventeen voters, Mr. Supple."

And so it turned out, that through Uncle Jack's adventure in the Blankshire Thicket, the yellow candidate came in for Brierly, for two thousand pounds less than the cost he had calculated.

FIFTY AND FIFTEEN.

With gradual gleam the day was dawning,
Some lingering stars were seen,
When swung the garden-gate behind us,—
He fifty, I fifteen.

The high-topped chaise and old gray pony
Stood waiting in the lane
Idly my father swayed the whip-lash,
Lightly he held the rein.

The stars went softly back to heaven,
The night-fogs rolled away,
And rims of gold and crowns of crimson
Along the hill-tops lay.

That morn the fields, they surely never
So fair an aspect wore;
And never from the purple clover
Such perfume rose before.

O'er hills and low romantic valleys
And flowery by-roads through,
I sang my simplest songs, familiar,
That he might sing them too.

Our souls lay open to all pleasure,—
No shadow came between;
Two children, busy with their leisure,—
He fifty, I fifteen.

* * * * *

As on my couch in languor lonely,
I weave beguiling rhyme,
Comes back with strangely sweet remembrance
That far-removed time.

The slow-paced years have brought sad changes,
That morn and this between;
And now, on earth, my years are fifty,
And his, in heaven, fifteen.

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

"Canard."—This word, now popularly used for a hoax, is French for duck, and the origin of its new application is said to be the following amusing "sell" on the public:

"To give a sly lift to the ridiculous pieces of intelligence which the journals are in the habit of publishing every morning, Cornelissen stated that an interesting experiment had just been made, calculated to prove the extraordinary voracity of ducks. Twenty of these animals had been placed together, and one of them having been killed and cut up into the smallest possible pieces, feathers and all, and thrown to the other nineteen, had been gluttonously gobbled up in an exceedingly brief space of time. Another was taken from the remaining nineteen, and being chopped small, like its predecessor, was served up to the eighteen, and at once devoured like the other; and so on to the last, who was thus placed in the remarkable position of having eaten his nineteen companions in a wonderfully short time! All this, most pleasantly narrated, obtained a success which the writer was far from anticipating, for the story ran the rounds of all the journals in Europe. It then became almost forgotten for about a score of years, when it came back from America, with amplification, which it did not boast of at the commencement, and with a regular certificate of the autopsy of the body of the surviving animal, whose œsophagus was declared to have been found seriously injured! Every one laughed at the history of the canard thus brought up again, but the word retains its novel signification."

Marriage in Quick Time.—It is proverbial in Minnesota "if any one wants to get married, attend Miss B———'s school!" The wooing is "done up in quick time." The most expeditious case in which I was especially interested, was that of a young miss of fifteen. One evening as she left the school-room I noticed a tall six-footer standing at the corner of a vacant lot, who joined her as she passed along. The following day she was not in her accustomed seat, and on the third day she entered for her books, saying with a happy countenance, that she should "not be at school any more." "Why not?" I inquired. "Oh, I was married yesterday!" she replied. "Why did you not acquaint me with your intentions, my dear? This is altogether too great a surprise!" "I should have done so had I known it myself, but *he* never asked me until yesterday, and we were married last evening." "You have known him well, *I* presume!" "I never saw him until the day before. He asked me, and I didn't like to say 'No,' so I am a married woman."—Harriet E. Bishop's *Floral Home; or, First Years of Minnesota.*

Monarch and Mimic.—One of the officers of his guard was mimicking him (the Emperor Paul) in the palace, for the entertainment of his comrades, when the door opened, and the Czar entered. The officers were about to stop the performer, but his Majesty made them a sign not to do so, and advancing unperceived by the young man, he crossed his arms before him, and ordered him to go on. The officer, with perfect self-command, continued, saying, "Lieutenant, you deserve to be degraded, but being clemency itself, I not only pardon you, but promote you to a captaincy." This was said in the Czar's way, who then exclaimed, "Be it so," and walked away.

Catching a Cannon Ball.—In the year 1772, a man in England astonished the natives by having a loaded cannon fired at him at the distance of ten yards only, and catching the ball—a nine pounder—in the hand. On the payment of a considerable sum he divulged his secret, which was thus: When the proper charge of powder was ready, a little of it was put in the cannon, then the ball run in, and the rest of the powder put in after it. The wadding was then rammed tightly in; when fired the report was as loud as usual, but owing to there being a small quantity of powder behind the ball, it would only carry about twenty yards. Cannon loaded in this way and fired against thin pine boards, at a distance of 12 or 15 yards, make no impression.

RELIGIO CHRISTI.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penna.]

That the state of health which I was in, at the period up to which I have brought this account, was partly the product of physical and partly of mental agencies will, I imagine, be as plain to others as it is to myself. But, individually, I would make this further suggestion—That God habitually works by physical agencies. The whole material universe is one vast tablet whereon our Creator-Father writes the lessons He would have us learn. All Nature is a vast lens between us and God, gathering the beams of His glory and pouring them upon the focus of each individual mind. Our own nature itself is so constructed, that if we will but let it speak, it becomes the most honest of interpreters of the mind of God. I make this suggestion because it gives, as I suppose, the ultimate reason why I was in this state of health. I had got as far as I could go in religious thought by the use of mere natural understanding. If I was to go any further it must be by the aid of revelation. I had reached to the step of a full condemnation of myself, and I was without hope. But without hope there is no amendment; and God would have me hope, arouse, strive, amend. Something was needed to lead me to the fountain of a new life.

What my sufferings were for some months it would be a waste of words to endeavor to describe. I had no bodily pain; and by day felt as well as any human being need feel. My muscular strength was undiminished; my appetite for food was as good as ever. But no sooner did I lie down at night and attempt to sleep than those violent paroxysms of alarm would arouse me. Hour after hour did it go on;—fits of overwhelming drowsiness, alternating with sudden starts into the most intense consciousness. I knew well enough that it was disease of the heart; and thought it very likely that my life was hanging by a mere thread. My whole sleep at this time could scarcely have occupied more than a couple of hours in the twenty-four. I had no books whatever to divert thought. At length the idea struck me that I would get a Bible.

I had seen one in a shepherd's hut many miles distant, as I came up the country. It was the only copy I had seen for years except one which belonged to the owner of the farm I was on; and that I did not like to borrow for fear of being laughed at. I rather submitted to a long journey, in the depth of winter, through a wild and dreary country, in this dangerous state of health, than risk the ridicule I knew I should incur, if I borrowed the copy which was close at hand.

I set out. The season happened to be most inclement. The rain was ceaseless. The lagoons overflowed; covering in many places the high roads, so that I had to wade hip-deep. The bush was almost a continuous swamp. And added to all the rest, I found that the constant soaking I had to undergo from morning till night, made the paroxysms of disease far more severe; so that all the while I was travelling I got no more sleep than consisted in a short broken doze about day break. Then up, and forward again. But I succeeded in purchasing the book; and bore it off in triumph to the place I had started from.

Various were the emotions with which, when all my hut-mates were asleep, I pored over the pages of that divine volume, by the light of the log fire, through the long hours of night: which now, habitually hopeless of sleep, I had got into the custom of passing anywhere rather than in bed. Sometimes I met with passages which declared on the word and veracity of a God, the appalling destinies that await an irreligious soul in the world to come. Then often I had to shut the book and go out and walk about till the images became more faint. At other times I met with the invitations of the Divine Being to the repentant; His promises to the faithful. Then I could have read on for ever.

Thus again passed some months; the spring weather returned; my mind was fast arriving at clear and pacifying conclusions; my health worse. I concluded on taking a long walk through new scenes; thinking that if my complaint were merely a physical effect from a mental cause, such a course would do more for it than medicine; but at the same time appending the determination that in the event of this treatment being unsuccessful, I would prolong my journey to Sydney and have recourse to the best physicians. By this time the disease had made such progress, that my right side had ceased to perspire in any sensible degree; whilst from the left perspiration poured down on very slight exertion in streams. Physicians have sometimes said to me since—How could you be so thoughtless and so reckless of your life as to neglect such plain symptoms of the most extreme danger? I have had to reply, as I must to the reader if he should present the same query—That all this time I was not thinking of my body at all; nor had I any fear at all of bodily death. My whole thought was concentrated on the after-life: and I knew that it was no consequence how soon that came, *if we were prepared for it.* To prepare for it, therefore, was the true matter in hand. The putting off earthly death a little longer was only a very secondary desideratum. Besides the one of those I knew was in my power; but as to the other, the latter, I was not so sure that it was.

The course I fixed on for my journey was nearly a semicircle, having the coast for its base; and Sydney at about the middle of that base. I thus passed through some of the most distant portions of the territory; in fact along the eastern outer line of civilization. The aborigines were at this time very troublesome. In several places I passed stations where they had just before been committing their outrages. The cattle had been speared in the woods; whole flocks of sheep had been driven off; shepherds and hut-keepers were to be heard of, mutilated or murdered, every few days. One beautiful sunny morning I had set out early, and crossed the Liverpool Range by a pass which brought me down into the plains somewhat more than an hour before noon. The vast level before me as I trended gradually down into it, presented a prospect which needed to be seen but once to be remembered forever;—an expanse as far as sight could reach, level, and of the richest green;—at long distances apart, the stock station pitched by the edge of lagoon or river—here and there small objects that might be flocks of sheep or herds of beeves;—but they were too far off for the unaided eye to discern which;—the sun shining joyously down upon all, and the light breeze of spring blowing cheerily by. I hastened forward, for I saw that the line of the road directed itself toward one of the stations six or seven miles off. I calculated on being there in time for dinner. I knew not that those who but lately dwelt there had eaten their last meal. As I came within a couple of miles I saw there were a number of persons, mostly in groups about the huts, some on horseback. The aspect of things was quite an unusual one. Some of the horsemen made circuits at a slow pace on the plain, appearing to be looking for tracks, but presently returning again to the main parties. I imagined from their movements that a flock had been carried off by the aborigines. Presently I reached the place. A small stream about three rods wide, with banks falling so gently to the water, as to be almost level with it at some feet distant, here meandered along the plain. On its near bank there was a long paling enclosure divided into two at the middle. These were the sheep-yards. At one side of them stood a little hut, and just within the door, tomahawked, lay the hut-keeper. The shepherds had gone out early with their sheep; but one of them wanting something he had forgotten, about eight o'clock had left his sheep in the care of his dog two or three miles off, and gone back to the hut. As he drew near he saw several of the aborigines going rapidly away in the opposite direction: but as they were frequently there he had no suspicion of any mischief. On reaching the hut, however, there lay the hut-keeper mortally wounded and senseless. All hands in the vicinity were soon gathered to the spot; but though the direction the savages had taken was known, their tracks, owing to the state of the grass, which was still but short, could not be made out with sufficient certainty to give pursuit.

For that time the savages had the best of it. Not so, however, in all cases. Before I reached Sydney, whither eventually I had to go, a sanguinary tragedy was enacted which occupied for a long time all tongues and ears.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Rachel—the Actress.—A recent biography of Madame Rachel, gives the following minute detail of her features and person:

"The head was perfectly shaped, rather small, rather broad, not high, and covered with dark chestnut hair, neither thick nor thin, but beautifully fine, soft, and silky. The brow, endowed with such extraordinary power of expression, was prominent and wide, but low; her eyebrows were exquisitely drawn; the eyes, the same color as the hair, were neither large nor small, but so deep set that they had the appearance of being intensely black; they were fringed with very long silky lashes. The mouth, neither large nor small, was filled with teeth all perfect and beautifully white; the under lip was long and thick, not suggestive of sulks, but of storms, and, though so defective in point of beauty, extremely expressive. The nose was beautiful, the curve indicating the race very slightly inclining the tip; but it was perfect in its proportions, with thin, transparent, veiny nostrils. The chin was small and pretty. The delicate little ear was compared by a soft hearted *bon vivant* to an Ostend oyster, and lay close to the head. From the tip of the ear to the chin the face was a long oval. The skin was fair and extremely delicate. In size, Rachel was rather above the middle height; her figure had the litheness, the grace, the flexibility of a reed, and, in repose, gave the impression of a very delicate constitution; but when she was acting an energetic part, the long, slight arms seemed to change to steel, so powerful was the character of inflexibility they presented. The hands, which were rather pretty, were objects of continual care and solicitude with Mademoiselle Rachel; her feet might have served as models to a modern Praxiteles. The limbs were so well fastened on, the shoulders so graceful, that the thinness of the figure was hardly noticed. The peculiar shape of the chest, however, almost amounted to a deformity; the breast-bone was like a fowl's, bony, projecting sharply, ungraceful to the eye. The defect was not at all perceptible either in theatrical costume or ordinary dress; the folds of the peplum and tunic in the first quite concealed it, and the skill of the dress-maker in the latter was no less successful."

Debasement of Language.—The debasement of a language is a sure mark of the debasement of a nation. The insincerity of a language is a proof of the insincerity of a nation, for a time comes in the history of a nation when words no longer stand for things, when names are given for the sake of an euphonious sound, and when titles are but the epithets of unmeaning courtesy—a time when Majesty, Defender of the Faith, Most Noble, Worshipful, and Honorable, not only mean nothing, but do not flush the cheek with the shame of convicted falsehood, when they are worn as empty ornaments.—*Frederick W. Robertson, M. A.*

National Reform.—Pity that a nation cannot reform itself by what the newspapers call "tremendous cheers." Alas! it cannot be done. Reform is not joyous, but grievous; no single man can reform himself without stern suffering and stern working: how much less can a nation of men! The serpent sheds not its old skin without rusty disconsolateness; he is not happy, but miserable. In the watercure itself, do you not sit steeped for months, washed to the heart in elemental drenchings, and, like Job, are made to curse your day? Reforming of a nation is a terrible business.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

"What," asked Margarita of Cecilia, "what, dearest, do you think is really the food of Cupid?" And Cecilia answered, "Arrow-root."—*Douglas Jerrold.*

THE ONE DREAM OF LIFE.

BY MISS RADCLIFFE.

Life has one dream, one soul-absorbing dream,
No matter what the substance or the theme,
'Tis life's whole essence!—on this die we cast
Our world of hope—perchance, to lose at last.

Oh, golden dream of early youth and love!
Glorious thy setting forth, bright spirit-dove!
But how wilt thou return, poor, venturous one,
With thy wings drooping, thy young freshness gone?

Oh, blessed dream!—how the full heart is thrown
In all its strength on this, on this alone!
Precious absorption of each power and sense!
Fairy delight!—but what the recompense?

Maiden, remembrest thou the happy hours,
At eve, when wand'ring 'mid the breath of flowers
Thou didst inhale the fragrance of their sigh?
Can'st thou recall the wind's low melody?

Dost thou remember how the sunset seemed
Even as though with Heaven's own light it gleamed?
Dost thou remember the mild balmy air,
How soft the turf seemed, and the world how fair?

Dost thou remember how, when lonely straying,
Sweet angel-lutes have seemed around thee playing?
'Twas but the gushings of thine own young heart—
Oh, minstrelsy superior to all art!

Remembrest thou how e'en a leaf or flower
Could melt thy soul to softness in that hour?
Enchantment dear!—sublimity of joy!—
Life was all beauty then without alloy.

Dost thou remember one beloved name
Which, stealing on the winds, in music came
Upon thy raptured ear—one form divine
Which on thy soul like stars in night did shine?

This was thy dream!—who wots of the awaking,
The struggle, or the strife, or the heart's breaking!
'Twas but a common end—life's dream was o'er;
And thou, fond dreamer?—ah, we ask no more.

Life has for all one dream!—that dream may be
Of giant ambition, wealth, love, poesy;
No matter what, we all have some great aim,
Some dear desire—love, glory, wealth or fame.

We dream and struggle on, hoping to win
That one great object—ah, the strife within,
The restless longings of the weary heart,
Perchance, at last to see its hope depart.

Yes, thou hast many dreams, young heart, but which
The dream which hath the power thy soul to touch,
That into which thine energies are thrown,
The all subduing?—life has one alone!

Dream on, dream on, and struggle to attain
What maketh life seem worthy of the gain;
Bright is the beam of that undaunted eye:—
Dream on—thine all is staked upon that die!

So have I dreamed—no matter what the end—
The poetry of life its charm could lend
To all around me:—if the bliss be o'er
So is the struggle—now, I dream no more.

At least, I dream not now as once I dreamed:
Ah, ne'er will Nature seem as then she seemed!
Gone are the revellings of young delight,
The bursts of rapture at some sound or sight;

The soft enchantment breathing all around,
Till earth seem Paradise or fairy ground;
The perfumed atmosphere, suffused with balm;
The spirit's gladness and the spirit's calm.

All these are gone: and gone the thrills of old,
The silent ecstacy, the bliss untold!
Gone the dear wanderings by the quiet stream;
Gone are the smiles and tears—gone, gone the dream.

A WOMAN'S LOVE,

AND A WIFE'S DUTY.

BY MRS. A. OPIE.

My mother's tears now fell silently down her cheek, and in spite of herself she pressed her forehead on the head of Seymour, as it still rested on her knees. Certain it is, that she loved him with much of a mother's tenderness—loved him also because he resembled his father and mine—and loved him still more because he was all that remained to her of her ever-regretted friend. The opposition to our union, therefore, was the strongest proof possible of the strength of her principles, and of her affection for me; for, though she thus loved, she rejected him, because she was sure that he was not likely to make her daughter happy.

My mother was the first to break silence. In a voice of great feeling, she said, "Seymour! unhappy young man! why do I see you *here*, infringing college rules? and why do I see you thus? Have you been in long? have you had no advice?"

It was now quite day; and, as he raised his head, the wild wanness of his look was terrible to us both, and it was with difficulty that I could prevent myself from sobbing audibly, while I anxiously expected his answer.

"Spare me! spare me!" cried he mournfully, "a painful confession of follies."

"Did not business carry you to London, Seymour?"

"No—nor kept me there. It was the search of pleasure; and I have scarcely been in bed for three nights. Yet no; let me do myself some little justice; I was unhappy, and I *am* unhappy. By denying me all hope of Helen, you made me desperate, and I fled to riotous living, to get away from myself; therefore, do not reproach me; I am quite punished enough by seeing before me the intended wife of the Count De Walden—curses on the name! Tell me," cried he wildly, seeing that my mother hesitated to speak, "am I not right? Is not my Helen, as I once thought her, betrothed to De Walden?"

"Oh, no—no!" cried I, eagerly, and I caught my mother's eye rather sternly fixed upon me; but I regarded it not, for I felt at the very bottom of my heart the sudden change from misery to joy which Seymour's face now exhibited. He could not speak—his heart was too full; but leaning back, overcome both with physical and moral exhaustion, he nearly fainted away. He was soon, however, roused to new energy by the indignation with which he listened to what my mother felt herself called upon to say. I shall not enter into a detail of her observations: suffice, that she candidly told him her objections to his being allowed to address me remained in full force, as did her ardent wish that I should marry De Walden, who had offered himself as my lover, and who (she was certain) would as surely make me happy in marriage, as he would make me *miserable*.

When she had ended, he thanked her for candor, but coldly reminded her that he had always said he would never take a refusal from any lips but mine—and he retained his resolution.

"And now," said he, "the opportunity is arrived. Helen! such as I am—not worthy of you, I own, except as far as tender and constant love can make me so—I offer myself to your acceptance. Speak—Yes or No—and speak as your heart dictates!"

I remained silent for a minute; then faltered out, sighing deeply as I spoke,

"I have no will—can have no will—but my mother's."

"Enough!" replied he, in a tone and with a look which seemed to me to be the climax of despair. "Hark!" cried he, "the Oxford clocks are striking six—why do I linger here? for here I am sure I have no longer any business!"

He let down the glass, and desired the postilion to stop, while the footman rode up to the door. This little exertion seemed too much for him, and he sank back quite exhausted, while my mother tried to take one of his hands.

"Pshaw!" cried he, throwing her hand from him—"give me love, or give me hate; no half-measures for me; nor hope, when you and your daughter have given me my death-blow, that I will accept of *emollients*. I thank you, madam, as I would a *stranger*, for your *courtesy* in admitting me here, and I wish you both good-morning."

Again his strength failed him, and he was forced to wipe the dews of weakness from his forehead.

"Go, I must—even if I die in the effort!" he then exclaimed.

I could not bear this; and while my mother herself, greatly affected, held me back, I tried to catch him by the arm; and, in a voice which evinced the deep feeling of my soul, I exclaimed,

"Stay, dear Seymour! you are not fit to go—you are not, indeed!"

But I spoke in vain; he mounted his horse, assisted by the servant, while I broke from my mother, and stretched out my hands to him in fruitless supplication; then giving me a look of such mixed expression that I could not exactly say whether it most pained or gratified me, he was out of sight in a moment, while I looked after him, till I could see him no longer; and even then I still looked, in hopes of seeing him again. I did see him again, just as we had entered Oxford, and were passing Magdalen; he *stood at the gate;* he had, therefore, seen my long, earnest gaze, as if in search of him; and though I felt confused, I also felt comforted by it. In another moment we were near him, and his eyes met mine with an expression mournful, tender, and I thought, grateful, too, for the interest which I took in him. He kissed his hand to me, and then disappeared within the gates.

"Helen!" said my mother, "I meant to have stopped here, to refresh the horses and ourselves; but after what I have seen this morning, I shall proceed immediately."

She left the footman, however, behind, to bring us word the next day how Mr. Pendarves was. Oh! how I loved her for this kind attention! But then she was a rare instance of the union of strong feelings with unbending principle.

Methinks I hear you say, "I hope you were now convinced that Seymour's attachment as well as Ferdinand's, was founded on too good a basis to be shaken by your altered looks."

No, indeed, I was not; for so conscious was I that my looks were altered, I *never once* lifted up my veil before Pendarves. I dare say, both he and my mother imputed this to the wish of hiding my emotion, whereas it was in fact only to hide my inflamed eyes, and my *ugliness*. But what a degrading confession for a heroine to make! to plead guilty of having bad eyes and a plain face! It is as bad as Amelia's broken nose. But *n'importe:* my eyes, like her nose, will get well again; and, like her, I shall come out a complete beauty, when no one could expect it.

We awaited with great impatience the return of the servant, from whom we learnt that Mr. Pendarves had been seized with an alarming fit on leaving the chapel, and was pronounced to be in an inflammatory fever.

"Oh, my dear mother!" cried I, wildly, "he has no one to nurse him now that loves him!"

"But he *shall* have," she replied: and in another hour we were on our road to Oxford. My mother insisted on being admitted to the bedside of the unconscious sufferer, who in his delirium was ever blaming the cruelty of *her* who was now watching and weeping beside his pillow. Long was his illness, and severe his suffering: but he struggled through; and the first object he beheld on recovering his recollection, was my mother leaning over him with the anxiety of a real parent. Never could poor Seymour recall this moment of his life without tears of grateful tenderness.

He was too much disappointed, however, to find that her resolution not to allow him to address me remained in full force; for the circumstances on which it was founded were added to, rather than diminished. Nor could his assertion, that his dissipation was owing to the despair into which she had plunged him, at all excuse him in her eyes, for she could not admit that any sorrow could be an excuse for error.

This, indeed, far from its being a motive to move her heart in his favor, closed it the more against him; as it proved she thought that from his weakness of character he never could deserve to be intrusted with the happiness of her child.

Bitter, therefore, was the mortification, when, on expressing the hopes to which her kindness had given birth, she assured him that her sentiments remained unaltered.

"Then, madam," cried he, "why were you so cruel as to save my life?"

"Young man," she gravely replied, "was it not my duty to try to save your life, that you might try to amend it? Were you prepared to meet that terrible tribunal from which even the most perfect shrink back appalled?"

On his complete recovery, my mother and I proceeded to the house of my uncle, now become our property; and thence we returned home. The following vacation Seymour finally left college, and again went abroad.

He wrote a farewell letter to my mother, as eloquent as gratitude and even filial affection could make it: she wept over it and exclaimed,—

"Oh, that the generous-hearted creature who wrote this should not be all I wish him! He is like a beautiful but unsupported edifice, fair to behold, but dangerous to lean against!"

There was one part of the letter, however, which my mother did not understand: I fancied that I did not own it. He assured her, that in spite of everything he carried more hope away in his heart than he had ever yet known: hope, and even a *previous conviction* which he *had never known before*, and which he was sure his cousin Helen would wish him to possess, as it would be to him the *strongest shield* against *temptation*.

"My dear," said my mother after long consideration, "how stupid I have been not to understand this sooner! He certainly means that he is become very religious: and that this hope, this sweet conviction, are faith and another world. Dear Seymour, I am so glad!

I smiled but said nothing; for I put a very different interpretation on his words. As it appeared to me, his *hope* and *conviction* were that he possessed *my love*, and that my compliance with my mother's will was wholly against my own; *for* I recollected the tone in which I had replied to his question concerning my engagement to De Walden, "Oh, no! no!" and also my scream of agony in spite of his alarming weakness when he persevered in leaving us, and the anxiety with which I looked at him at the gates of Magdalen. Yes, when we exchanged that look, I felt that our hearts understood each other, and I was sure that the shield to which Seymour alluded was his conviction of my love.

But alas! he was absent—De Walden was present. He came to us at the beginning of the long vacation, and was to remain with us till he returned to college.

My mother now urged me to admit the addresses of De Walden, showing me at the same time a letter from his uncle, in which he expressed his earnest desire that his nephew should be a successful suitor, and offering to make a splendid addition to his fortune whenever he should become my husband. In short, could the prospect of rank and fortune, manly beauty, superior sense, unspotted virtues, and uncommon acquirements, have made me unfaithful to my first attachment, unfaithful I should soon have become; but though the attentions of De Walden could not annihilate, they certainly weakened it. No wonder that they should do so, when I was so little sure of the stability of Seymour's affection, that I was fearful it would be weakened by any change in my external appearance, and as I had often heard him say, he did not admire tall women, I own I was weak enough to be uneasy at the growth consequent upon my fever; and I was glad, when we met in the coach, not only that my veil concealed my altered looks, but that, as I was seated, he could not discover my almost may-pole height.

De Walden, on the contrary, admired tall women; and declared that I had now reached the exact height which gave majesty to the female figure without diminishing its grace; and as I really thought myself too tall, his praise (for flattery it was not) was particularly welcome to me. Whatever was the cause, whether I liked De Walden so well, that I liked Seymour so much less as to cease to be fretted by his absence, I cannot tell; but certain it is that I recovered my bloom, and that the increase of my *embonpoint*, made my mother fear I should become too fat for a girl of seventeen: my spirits, too, recovered all their former gaiety, so that October, the time for the departure of De Walden, arrived before I was conscious that he had been with us half his accustomed time.

My mother now naturally enough augured well for the success of his suit; and I owned that I was no longer averse to listen to his love, but that I would on no account engage myself to him till I was *quite sure* I had conquered my attachment to Pendarves.

This was certainly conceding a great deal, and De Walden left us full of hope for the first time; while I, who felt much of my affection for him vanish when I no longer listened to the deep persuasive tones of his voice, should have repented having gone so far, had I not seen happiness beaming in my beloved mother's face.

At Christmas De Walden came to us again, and I then found that in such cases it is impossible (to use an expressive phrase) "*to say A without saying B;*" I had gone so far that I was expected to go further; and but for the secret misgivings of my own heart, and the firm dictates of my own judgment, De Walden would have returned to college in January my betrothed husband. But, though we had not received any tidings from Pendarves, and my mother felt assured of his inconstancy, I persevered firmly in my resolution not to *engage* myself till I *had seen him again*, and could be assured, by seeing him with indifference, that my heart had really changed its master.

You will wonder, perhaps, how a man of Ferdinand's delicacy could wish to accept a heart which had been so long wedded to another, and that other a living object. But my mother had convinced herself, and had no difficulty in convincing him, that I was deceived in the strength of my former attachment; that she had originally, though unconsciously, directed my thoughts to him; that, like a romantic girl, I had thought it pretty to be in love, and that my fancied passion had been irritated by obstacles: but that, when once *his* wife, I should find that *he alone* had ever been the real possessor of my affections.

It is curious to observe how easily even the most sensible persons can forget, and believe, according to their wishes. My mother had absolutely forgotten the proofs of my strong attachment to Seymour, which she had once so much deplored. She forgot my illness, which if not caused was increased by his letter of reproach; she forgot the tell-tale misery which I had exhibited on the road to Oxford, and she did not read in the firmness with which I still persisted to see Seymour again, a secret suspicion of still lingering love.

But the crisis of our fates was fast approaching: I received an invitation to spend the months of May and June in London, with a friend who had once resided near us, and who had gone to reside in the metropolis.

I felt a great desire to accept this invitation; and my mother kindly permitted me to go, but declined going herself, saying that it was time *I* should learn to live without *her*, and *she* without *me*. Accordingly, for the first time we were separated. But this separation was soon soothed to me by the charms of the life which I was leading. I was a new face: I was only seventeen, and I was *said* to be the heiress of considerable property. This, you know, was an exaggeration; my fortune was handsome, but not very large: however, I was followed and courted, but none of my admirers were in my opinion at all equal to Seymour or De Walden: they gratified my vanity, but they failed to touch my heart.

One day at an exhibition, I met a newly-married lady, who when single had been staying in the neighborhood of my mother's uncle during our last visit, and was much admired both by my mother and myself. This meeting gave us great pleasure, and she hoped I would come and see her at her lodgings. I promised that I would.

"But there is nothing like the time present: will you go home with me now, and spend a quiet day? You must come again when my husband is at home and I have a party; but he dines out to-day, and I shall be alone till evening."

"But I am not dressed."

"Oh! I can send for your things and your maid; and such an opportunity as this of telling you all about my love and my marriage may never occur again."

I was as eager to hear as she was to tell; my friend consented to part with me, and I accompanied her home.

In the afternoon, while we were expecting two or three ladies of her acquaintance, and were preparing to walk with them in the park, my friend recieved a little note from her husband.

"That is so like Ridley," said she. "However, this is an improvement; for he often goes out and invites half-a-dozen people to dinner without giving me any notice; but now he has only invited one man to supper, and has sent to let me know they are coming. His name I see is the same as yours, Seymour Pendarves: he is a cousin of yours?"

"What!" cried *I*, almost gasping for breath. "Seymour Pendarves in England, and coming hither!"

"Yes; but what is the matter, or why are you so agitated?"

"If you please I will go home, I had rather go home."

Mrs. Ridley looked at me with wonder and concern, but she was too delicate to ask me for the confidence which she saw I was not disposed to give. She therefore mildly replied that if I must leave her, she would order her servant to attend me.

A few moments had restored my self-possession: and I thought that as the time was now arrived when I could, by seeing Pendarves, enable myself to judge of the real state of my heart, I should be wrong to run away from the opportunity.

"But pray tell me," said *I*, "when you expect Mr. Ridley and his friends?"

"Oh not till it is dark, not till near supper time."

Immediately (I am ashamed of my girlish folly) I had a strong desire to discover whether Seymour would recognize my person, altered as it was in height and in size; and I also wished to get over the first flutter of seeing him without its being perceived by him. In consequence I told Mrs. Ridley that Seymour was my cousin, but that he had not seen me *standing* since I was grown so very tall; and I had a great wish to ascertain whether he would know me. "Therefore," said I, "do not order candles till we have sat a little while."

Mrs. Ridley smiled, fully persuaded that, though I might speak the truth, I did not speak *all* the truth. I was at liberty in the meantime, during our walk in the park, to indulge in reverie, and to try to strengthen my agitated nerves against the approaching interview. But concerning what was I now anxious?—Not so much to ascertain whether I loved *him*, but whether he loved *me*. Alas! this anxiety was a certain proof that he was still the possessor of my heart, and that of course I ought not to be and could not be the wife of De Walden.

Just as we stopped at the door, on our return from our walk, Mr. Ridley was knocking at it, accompanied by Seymour. I felt myself excessively agitated, while I pulled my hat and veil over my face: to avoid a shower, we had crowded into a hackney-coach. Luckily I had not to get out first; but judge how I trembled when I found Seymour's hand presented to assist me. My foot slipped, and if he had not caught me in his arms, I should have fallen. Mrs. Ridley, however, good-naturedly observed, that she had been nearly falling herself, the step was so bad, and her friend *Miss Pen* was also very short-sighted. I now walked up stairs, tottering as I went.

"Fanny," whispered Mr. Ridley to his wife, "who is she?" She told him I was a Miss Pen, and she would tell him more by and by.

"Pray, Fanny, when do you mean to have candles?" said Mr. Ridley.

"Not yet; not till we go to take off our bonnets. I like this light, it is so pleasant to the eyes."

"Yes, and so cheap too," replied her husband. "But I wonder you should like this sort of light, Fanny, for you are far removed yet from that period of life when *le petit jour* is so favorable to beauty: you are still young enough to bear the searching light of broad-eyed day, and so I trust are all the ladies present; though I must own *a veil* is always a suspicious circumstance," he added, coming up to me.

"Yes, yes," said his wife, "I always suspect a veil is worn to conceal something."

"But it may be worn in mercy," he added; "and perhaps it is so here, if I may judge of what is hidden by what is shown: if I may form an opinion indeed from that hand and arm, on which youth and beauty are so legibly written, I—"

Here, confused and almost provoked, I drew on my gloves; and Mrs. Ridley, who loved fun, whispered her husband,

"Do not go on; she is quite ugly, scarred with the confluent small-pox, blear-eyed, and hideous: you will be surprised when you see her face."

She then begged to speak to me; and as I walked across the room in which we sat to join her in the next, I saw Ridley whisper Pendarves.

"May be so," he replied: "but her figure and form are almost the finest I ever saw."

"And yet I am so very tall," said I to myself with a joy that vibrated through my frame.

The conversation now became general; and on a lady's being mentioned who had married a second husband before the first had been dead quite a year, Pendarves, to my consternation, began a violent philippic against women, declaring that scarcely one of us was capable of a persevering attachment; that the best and dearest of husbands might be forgotten in six months; and that those men only could expect to be happy who laid their plans for happiness independently of woman's love.

It is strange, but true, that the indignation which this speech excited in me enabled me to conquer at once the agitation which had hitherto kept me silent. Coming hastily forward, I exclaimed, while he rose respectfully,

"Is it for you, Mr. Seymour Pendarves, to hold such language as this? Have you forgotten Lady Helen, your own blessed mother, and her friend and yours?"

So saying, while he stood confounded, self-judged, and full of wonder, for the voice and manner were mine, but the height and figure were no longer so,—I left the room; and a violent burst of tears relieved my oppressed heart.

Mrs. Ridley then rang for a candle and considerately left me to myself.

Oh! the flutter of that moment when I re-entered the drawing-room, which I found brilliantly lighted up! Seymour, who had I found now doubted, and now believed, the evidence of his ears in opposition to that of his sight, was standing at the window; but he turned hastily round at my entrance, and our eyes instantly met.

"Helen!" exclaimed he, springing forward to meet me, while my hand was extended toward him; and I believe my countenance was equally encouraging. That yielded hand was pressed by turns to his lips and his heart; but still we neither of us spoke, and Seymour suddenly disappeared.

Mr. Ridley, who was that *melancholy* thing to other people a *professed joker*, to my great relief (as it enabled me to recover myself,) now came up to me bowing respectfully, and begged me to veil my face again; for he saw that my excessive ugliness had been too much for his poor friend, and he hoped for his sake, as well as that of the rest of mankind, I would conceal myself from sight.

I told him, when his friend came back I would consider his proposition, and if he approved it I would veil directly.

Before Seymour returned, I asked Mr. Ridley whether he suspected who his presuming monitor was.

"Pray, madam," he archly replied, "say that word again. What are you to Mr. Pendarves?"

"I said 'Monitor.'"

"Oh—*monitor!* I thought you were *something* to him, but did not exactly *know what*. No wonder he was so alarmed at sight of you, for monitors, I believe, have a right to chastise their pupils; and I begin now to fear he will not come back. Do you use the ferule or the rod, Miss Pendarves?"

"You have not yet answered my question, sir!"

"Oh! I forgot. 'Heavens!' cried he, as you closed the door, 'is it possible? Could that be my cousin, Helen Pendarves? Yes, it could be no other; and yet'——Is that like him, madam?"

"Oh! very!"

"'Well,' I, in the simplicity of my heart, replied, 'your cousin she may be; but my wife told me her name was Pen.'"

"'Oh, yes, it must be Helen—it was her own sweet voice and manner!'"

"'She is given to scolding, then—is she?' said I."

"'Oh!' said he, 'she is!' But I will spare your blushes, madam; though I must own that I could not believe you *were* the lady in question, because my wife told me you were hideous to behold, and *he* said you were a beauty: besides, when he last saw you, he added, you were thin and short; but then he eagerly observed, that a year and a half made a great difference sometimes, and you had not met during that period. But here comes the gentleman to answer your questions himself. What I further said did not at all please him."

"No! what was it, sir?"

"That, if you were indeed Miss Helen Pendarves, you were a great nuisance, for that you had won and broken at least a dozen hearts; but that it was a comfort to know you would soon be removed from the power of doing further mischief, as you were going to be married to a Swiss gentleman, and would soon leave the kingdom."

"And you told him this!" cried I, turning very faint.

"Yes, I did; and he had just turned away from me, when you made your appearance."

Seymour now entered the room; and I was, from this conversation, at no loss to account for the gloom which overspread his countenance, while he hoped Miss Pendarves was well.

"My dear Fanny," said Mr. Ridley, who must have his joke, "I hope you will make proper apologies to this gentleman and me, for having exposed us to such a horrible surprise as the sight of that lady's face has given us. Pray, was this ungenerous plan of concealment Miss Pendarves's or yours?"

"Hers, entirely."

"But what was her motive?"

"She wished to see whether her cousin would know her through her veil."

"Oh! she was acting Clara in the Duenna; you know she plays Don Ferdinand some such trick."

"True; but Ferdinand and Clara were *lovers*, not cousins."

"Cannot cousins be lovers, Fanny?"

Here the entrance of the servant with supper, interrupted the conversation, and Seymour and I sat down to it with what appetite we could.

"It is astonishing," said Mr. Ridley, "what use and habit can effect; I have already conquered my horror at sight of your friend's face; and I see Mr. Pendarves has not only done the same, but I suspect he is meditating a drawing of it, to send to the Royal Society, as a *lusus naturæ*."

In spite of himself Seymour smiled at this speech, and replied, while I looked very foolish, that he was gazing at me with wonder, as he could not conceive how I had gained so many inches in height since he saw me.

"I grew several inches after my fever," I replied.

"Fever? When—where—what fever, Helen? I never heard you were ill."

"Oh, yes, I was—and my life was despaired of."

"You in danger, Helen, and I never knew it!"

"It was really very unkind," said Ridley, "to keep such a delightful piece of intelligence from you."

"But *when* was it, dear Helen?"

"When I saw *you* on the road to Oxford, I was only just recovered."

"Only just recovered! You did not look ill; but I remember you had your veil down, so I really did not see your face."

"So, so; wearing her veil down is a common thing with her—is it? I am glad she is so considerate."

These jokes, however, had their use; for they tended to keep under the indulgence of feelings which required to be restrained in both of us in the presence of others.

"But, when were you first seized, Helen? and what brought on your fever?" said Seymour, as if urged by some secret consciousness.

You will not wonder that I blushed, and even stammered, as I answered—

"I was not quite well when I saw you in the church—and—and—"

"And what!"

"I was seized that night, and when my mother returned, she found me very ill indeed!"

"That night!" Here he started from his seat.

"Ah, Fanny!" cried Mr. Ridley, "you *would* buy them! I always objected to them."

"Buy what, my dear Ridley?"

"These chairs; I always said they were such uneasy ones, no one could sit on them long—you see Mr. Pendarves can't endure them."

I was very glad when Seymour sat down again; when he did, he leaned his elbows on the table, and gazed in my face as if he would have read the very bottom of my soul. But hope seemed to have supplanted despair. Mr. Ridley now suddenly rose, and holding his hand to his side, cried, "Oh!" in such a comic, yet pathetic manner, that though his wife really believed he was in pain, she could not help laughing; then, seizing a candle, he went *oh-ing* and limping out of the room, leaning on her arm, and declaring he believed he must go to bed, if we would excuse him.

There was no mistaking his motive, and Seymour was not slow to profit by the opportunity thus good-naturedly offered him.

"Helen!" he exclaimed, seating himself by me, and seizing my hand, "is what I heard true—am I the most wretched of men—is this hand promised to De Walden?"

"No—not yet promised."

"Then you mean to give it to him?"

"Certainly not *now*."

"Why that emphasis on *now*?"

"Because I am sure I do not love him sufficiently."

"And since when have you found this out?"

I did not answer; but my tell-tale silence emboldened him to put his own interpretation on what I had said; and now, for the first time, unrestrained by any unwelcome witness, he passionately pleaded the interests of his own love, and drew from me an open confession of mine. Nor was there long a secret of my heart which was withheld from him; and while he rejoiced over the certainty that his rival's hopes were destroyed by this interview, I rejoiced in hearing that the conviction he had received of my affection for him, had preserved him from temptations to which he would probably otherwise have yielded.

"But they are returning," cried he; "tell me where you are, and promise to see me to-morrow, my own precious Helen! Never, never was I so happy before."

"Nor I," I could have added: but I believe my eyes spoke for me, and I promised to see him the next day at eleven. He had just time to resume his chair when Mr. and Mrs. Ridley returned.

"I have been very unwell," said Ridley, "and am so still; but I would come back, as she would not leave me, because I was sure, what with the uneasy chairs, and Miss Pen's ugly face, you would be so fretted, Mr. Pendarves, that you would never come hither again."

"'But then, my dear,' said Fanny, 'you forget they are relations, and must love each other.'

"'That I deny,' said I, 'if they are not both loveable.'

"'And then,' says she, 'they have not met for so long a time, and have so much to say.'

"'I don't believe that,' says I: 'if so, they would have taken care to meet sooner'—but pray what has happened to you both since we went away? Well, I declare, such roses on cheeks, and diamonds in eyes! and, I protest, Miss Pen has learnt to look straight-forward,

and is all dimples and smiles! and this, too, when, for aught you both know, I might be dying!"

Seymour and I were now too happy not to be disposed to laugh at any absurdity which Ridley uttered; and never before or since did I pass so merry an evening. Seymour was as gay and delightful as nature intended him to be: you will own that the word "*fascinating*" seemed made on purpose to express him: and I, as he has since told me, appeared to him to exceed in personal appearance that evening (animated as I was with the consciousness of loving and being beloved) all the promises of my early youth; nor could he help saying—

"Really, Helen, I cannot but look at you!"

"That is very evident," observed Ridley.

"Yes, but I mean that I look at her because—because—"

"You cannot help it, and it requires no apology. I have a tendency to the same weakness myself."

"But I mean you are so surprisingly altered—so grown—so—"

"Say no more, my dear sir," cried Ridley, interrupting him, "for it must mortify the young lady to see how much she has outgrown your knowledge and your liking! and she is such a disgrace to your family, that it is a pity there is no chance for her changing *her name*, poor thing! those blear eyes must prevent that: I see very clearly, indeed, she is likely to die *Helen Pendarves*."

This observation, much to Ridley's sorrow, evidently clouded over the brows of us both; for we both thought of my mother, and I of poor De Walden. But the cloud soon passed away; for we were together, we were assured of each other's love, and *we were happy*. Nor did we hear the watchman call "past one o'clock," without as much surprise as pain. However, Pendarves walked home with me, and that walk was not less interesting than the evening had been.

But, alas! my mother's image awaited me on my pillow. I could not help mourning over the blighted hopes of De Walden, nor could I drive from my startled fancy the suspicion that I had committed a breach of duty in receiving and returning vows unsanctioned by her permission, or satisfy my conscience that I had done right in allowing him to call on me the next day. But I quieted myself by resolving that I would instantly write to my mother, tell her what had passed, and see Seymour only that once, till she gave me her permission to see him more frequently.

He came at eleven, and I told him what I meant to do. He fully approved, but declared he would not consent to meet evil more than half way, and give up seeing me. On the contrary, he was resolved to see me every day till she came: and as Mr. Pendarves, our uncle, was just come to his house in town, he meant to tell him how we were situated, and he was very sure that he would approve our meeting as much as possible. On leaving me he proceeded to lay his case before our uncle, while I sat down to write to my mother. It was a long letter bathed with my tears: for was I not now pleading almost for life and death! If I loved Pendarves when my affection was not fed by his professions of mutual love, how must that flame be now increased in fervor, when I had heard him plead his cause two days successively, and had enjoyed with him hours of the tenderest uninterrupted intercourse! Wisely had my mother acted in forbidding us to meet, as she wished to annihilate our partiality: for absence and distance are the best preventives, if not the certain cures of love.

My letter, which was full of passion, regrets, apologies and pity for De Walden, was scarcely finished, when I was told that a gentleman who was going immediately into Warwickshire, and would pass close by my mother's door, would take charge of it. I foolishly confided it to his care; I say "foolishly," because the post was a surer conveyance. However, I could not foresee that this gentleman would fall ill on the road; that he would not deliver my packet till ten days after it was written; and that I was therefore allowed to spend many hours with Pendarves unprohibited; for my uncle approved our meeting, and desired our union, declaring that he had always thought my mother severe in her judgment of his nephew, and that while considering the fancied interests of her own child, she had disregarded his.

"Besides," added he, "I am the head of the family, and I command you to meet as often, and to love as much, as ever you choose."

Alas! I obeyed him only too well, though my judgment was not blinded to the certainty that he had no rights which could invalidate those of my mother; and though I rejoiced at not receiving her command to cease to receive Pendarves, I was beginning to feel uneasy at her silence, when a letter from her reached me, saying, she was on her road to London, where she would arrive that night, and should take up her abode with our friend Mr. Nelson.

Never before had I been parted from my mother, and till I met Pendarves I had longed for her every day during my stay in London; but now, self-reproved and ashamed, I felt that a yet dearer object had acquired possession of my thoughts and wishes, and the once devoted child dreaded, rather than desired, to be reunited to one of the best of mothers.

She came: and we met again, as we had parted with tears; but the nature of those tears was altered, and neither of us would have liked to analyze the difference.

Long and painful was the conversation we had together that night, before we attempted to sleep. I found my mother fully convinced that there was a necessity for my not marrying De Walden, a necessity of which he was now himself convinced; for she had gone round by Cambridge, in order to see him; but she was not equally convinced that there was a necessity for my marrying Pendarves, as all her objections to that marriage remained in the fullest force.

The next morning she opened her heart on the subject to Mrs. Nelson, who was Seymour's warm advocate, and assured her, that if she made proper inquiries, she would find that the character of Pendarves was universally spoken of as unexceptionable; and that whatever might have been the errors of *the youth*, they were forgotten by other people in the merits of *the man*.

"Ay, but a mother's heart can't forget them," she exclaimed, "when her child's happiness is at stake!" and she begged to have no private conversation with Seymour till the next day. In consequence, she saw him only in a party at my uncle's, where she was struck with the great improvement both of his face and person, for both now wore the appearance of health; and the countenance which, when she last surveyed it, bore the stamp of sickness and sorrow, now beamed with all the vivacity of youth and hope.

The party was a mixed one of cards and dancing; and as she gazed on Pendarves when he stood talking to me, he recalled forcibly to her mind the image of my father, as she first beheld him in a similar scene, four-and-twenty years before.

The next day Seymour obtained the desired interview with my mother. She brought forward his former errors in array against him, his debts, his dissipations, and his love of play; and though she expressed her readiness to believe him reformed, still, as he ingenuously admitted that his improvement was chiefly owing to my influence over him, she could not deem it sufficiently well-founded to obviate her objections: and he was still pleading, and she objecting, when Mr. Pendarves insisted on entering. Mrs. Nelson and I accompanied him.

"I tell you what, niece," said he, "you do not use this young man well: you bring up a parcel of old tales, and dwell upon the naughtiness of them, as if he was the only young man who ever erred. I know all his sins; he has made me his confessor. In the affair to which you allude he was much more to be pitied than censured, and yielded at seventeen to temptations which might have overcome seven-and-thirty. Since then he has distinguished himself at college: he has paid all his old debts, and incurred no new ones; he has steered clear of the quicksands of foreign travel, shielded (*as* he says) by the hope of one day possessing Helen, and by the idea that he was the object of her love; and what would you have more? Besides, Helen tells me he once saved her life."

"I did so," cried Seymour, eagerly seizing her hands, "I did so, and you promised to be for ever grateful!"

"How was it, my dear nephew?"

"*I* will tell you, sir," cried I, gathering hope from my mother's agitation. "It was at the Isle of Wight, soon after we came to England: he and I were playing on the shore, and I, not knowing the tide was coming in, paddled across a run of water to what I called a pretty little island, and there amused myself with picking up sea-weed, when the sea flowed in, and he saw that I must perish; no one was near us. Luckily, he spied a boat on the dry land, which, with all his boyish strength, he pushed off to my assistance, and jumped into it. In one minute more it floated towards me, just as my cries had reached the ears of my mother, who was reading on the rock, and who now saw my situation."

"Helen! Helen!" cried my mother, "I can't bear it—the scene was too horrible to recall." But I persevered.

"Seymour seized my hand just as I was sinking, and dragged me into the boat; but in another moment the waves came swelling round us, and, without oar or help, I and my preserver were both tossed to and fro upon the ocean."

"Helen!" cried Seymour, with great feeling, and clasping me fondly to his heart, "I could almost wish we then had died, for then we should have died together!"

"Go on," said my uncle," "I hope you will live together yet!"

"I have not much more to tell, except that my mother's screams had procured assistance, and a boat was sent out to follow our uncertain course. When we were overtaken, they found Seymour holding me on his lap, and crying over me in agony unutterable, for he thought that I was dead, and he had come too late. Who can paint my mother's transports, when she received me safe and living in her arms?"

"And how she embraced me, Helen," cried Seymour, "and called me her noble boy—the preserver of her child! (for she saw all I had done;) and how she owned she should ever love me as her own child—and vowed her gratitude should end but with her life!"

"It never *will* end but with my life!" cried my mother, throwing herself on Seymour's neck. "But is your having saved my child's life an argument for my authorizing you to risk the happiness of that life?"

"Julia, Julia, I am *ashamed* of you!" cried my uncle. "Was there ever a better or more devoted wife than yourself? Yet, what did you do at Helen's age? You ran away from your parents, out of an ungovernable passion for a handsome young man."

"But is my error an excuse or justification of his?"

"No; but you are a proof that error can be atoned for and never repented, as you have been a model for wives and mothers. But, beware, Mrs. Pendarves, of carrying things too far: beware, lest you tempt Helen and Seymour to copy your example, rather than conform to your precepts."

"Ha!" cried my mother, clasping her hands in agony.

"Now, then," said Seymour, with every symptom of deep emotion, "the moment is come when I am authorized to obey the commands of the beloved dead, and fulfil the last injunctions of my mother."

A pause which no one seemed inclined to break, followed this unexpected observation; and Seymour, taking a letter from his bosom, kissed it, and presented it to my mother.

"'Tis Helen's hand," cried she.

"And her seal, too, you observe," said Seymour: "the *envelope*, you perceive, is addressed to me, and I have therefore broken it; the other is entire."

My mother read the *envelope* to herself, and these were its contents:

"My conscience reproaches me, my beloved son, with having too lightly surrendered your rights, and probably your wishes, in giving my friend back her promise to promote your union with her daughter, as I know Julia's ability to act up to her strict sense of a mother's duty, even at the expense of her own happiness, and risk of her child's safety. But I have given up that promise, which might have pleaded for you, my poor child! when I was no more, and ensured to you opportunities of securing Helen's affections, which may now, perhaps, be for ever denied to you. However, I may be mistaken; therefore, if Helen's affections should ever be *yours—avowedly* yours, and her mother still withhold her consent, give her the enclosed letter, and probably the voice of the dead may have more power over her than that of the living.

"For your sake I have thus written, with a trembling hand, and with a dying pulse; but value it as a last proof of that affection which can end only with my life.

"HELEN PENDARVES."

The letter to my mother was as follows:

"I speak to you from the grave, my dearest Julia: and in behalf of that child on whom my soul doted while on earth. But this letter will not be given you till he is *assured* he possesses the heart of your daughter; and when, if your consent is denied to their union, nothing but an act of disobedience can make them happy in each other. Are you prepared, Julia, to expose them to such a risk, and thus tempt the child you love to the crime of disobedience? that crime which, though it dwelt but lightly on your mind, weighed upon mine through the whole of my existence, as it helped to plunge my mother in an untimely tomb. Perhaps you flatter yourself that Helen's education has fortified her against indulging her passion at the expense of her duty. But remember, that your precepts are forcibly counteracted by your example.

"Anxious, however, as I am that Helen should not err, I am still more anxious that my son should not lead her into error, as I feel that he is doubly armed against her filial piety, by the example of her mother and his own.

"And must my crime be thus perpetuated by those whom I hold most dear? must the misery of my life be renewed, perhaps, in that of her whom I have loved as my own child? and must my son be the cause of wretchedness to the dearest of my friends, through the medium of her daughter?

"Forbid it Heaven! I conjure you, my beloved Julia! by our past love—by *tanta fede, e si, dolce memorie, e si lungo costume*, listen to this my warning, my supplicating voice; and let your consent give dignity and happiness to the union of our children.

"HELEN PENDARVES."

My mother, after having read this letter, covered her face with her hands, and rushed out of the room. It was in a state of anxious suspense that we awaited her return. When she appeared, her eyes were swelled, but her countenance was calm, her look resigned, and her deportment, as usual, dignified. Her assumed composure, however, failed again, when her eyes met those of Pendarves.

"My son!" cried she, opening her arms to him, into which Seymour threw himself, as much affected as she was; then, beckoning me to her, she put my hand in his, and prayed God to bless our union.

Little of this part of my life remains to be told. My mother had given her consent, and in two months from that period we were MARRIED.

Here ends my narrative of a WOMAN'S LOVE. When next I treat of it, it will be as united to a WIFE'S DUTY.

[We design beginning the second portion and sequel—A WIFE'S DUTY—in our next paper. We think it will be found still more interesting than the foregoing.]

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—A correspondent of the London Times, who was on board the Agamemnon, gives an interesting account of the voyage of that vessel in laying the cable. On one occasion the electrical continuity ceased, and it was discovered that injured cable had been paid out. The ship was first stopped, then the cable was made fast, and amid the most intense anxiety and fears, the injury was repaired and the electric continuity restored. Twice was the success of the expedition jeopardied by the "carelessness and stupidity" of American vessels, one of which bore down upon the Agamemnon from a distance, and a collision—which would have been fatal—was only avoided by the hazardous step of the Agamemnon's changing her course. The second time, everybody was awakened from a sound sleep by the booming of cannon from all the vessels of the expedition, to warn off a barque that also seemed determined to run the Agamemnon down. The cannon alarmed every one, since it was the signal agreed upon to announce the extinguishment of every hope. On the first day out they encountered a whale and were apprehensive of a collision until he changed his course. Twice they had to repair damaged portions of the cable as it was being payed out, amid, of course, the keenest excitement.

DICKENS BEFORE AN AUDIENCE.—An American in London writes to the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser:

Our visit to a place of entertainment was to St. Martin's Hall, to hear Mr. Charles Dickens read his Christmas Carol. This is a recent movement of Dickens, and has been quite successful. The hall was filled with the best society of London, and the author reader was well received. He is a little below medium size, and his appearance at first disappoints you. He was dressed in a plain dress, without any effort at display, came upon the stage in a simple business-like way, receiving the rather refined and dainty applause of the audience with a slight acknowledgement. His reading was good and effective, without attempt at high elocution, and, to those who were familiar with the beautiful story, was in the highest degree interesting. Dickens is now in the prime of life, an active, well-built man, looking more like a shrewd business man of the world than the exclusive literary man we have always considered him.

PROFIT OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—We believe we are stating the precise fact when we say that the instruments now in use at Trinity Bay and Valentia record words *at the rate of two per minute, or one hundred and twenty per hour.* Improvements will, doubtless, be made upon this, but at this rate the cable can transmit more than 2,800 words per day. If this is true, and we do not make the statement at random, the net income of the company cannot be less than twenty per cent. upon the capital now invested, even with the present cable. Other cables may, however, be laid down at a greatly reduced cost, proportionately increasing the profits of the enterprise. This is as it should be. The bold and persistent men who have embarked in such an undertaking ought to reap splendid rewards, not merely in universal and abiding renown, but in the grosser form of riches. Their success will be likely, however, to call forth competition for the magnificent harvest.—*New York Tribune.*

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH AND STEAMSHIP.

BY THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—*London, Friday morning, Aug. 27, via Valentia, Ireland.*—The Emperor Napoleon and Empress Eugenie will return to Paris to-morrow, from their tour through the Empire.

The King of Prussia is too sick to visit Queen Victoria, as was expected. Her Majesty returns home on Monday.

By the terms of the treaty of peace with China, the Empire is opened to the trade of all nations. The Christian religion is allowed, and the Diplomatic Agents of all nations are admitted. Full indemnity is provided for England and France, but the dispatch received makes no mention of any indemnity to the United States.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 21st.—The announcement of the treaty of peace with China has given great satisfaction to the Emperor and Court.

Trinity Bay, Aug. 27, P. M.—The only additional news received over the cable, is a further item of India intelligence.

At Gwalior the insurgent army was broken up, and much progress had been made in the establishment of order in all the disturbed districts.

By the steamship CANADA, which brings dates to August 14th, we have the following items:

There is a lull in the political circles of England, consequent upon the recess of Parliament.

Queen Victoria is absent from England, visiting her daughter at Potsdam.

Riots had occurred in Kilkenny, in consequence of the opposition by the harvest laborers against the various agricultural machines. Tranquility had, however, been restored by the interference of the military.

A memorial to the Colonial Office, on the necessity of conveying the Austrian mails by the Panama route was in circulation, receiving the signatures of the leading commercial houses.

The Lord Mayor of Dublin intends to give a banquet, on the first of September, to the principal officials connected with the laying of the Atlantic Telegraph cable. The Lord Lieutenant will attend the banquet.

The returns of the Bank of France show an increase of cash of thirty-three millions of francs.

It is reported that the Chiefs of Dimar, in Senegal, have petitioned for the protection of France.

Liverpool, Aug. 13.—Cotton dull. Breadstuffs manifest a declining tendency—the prospects of harvest being good. Provisions quiet.

FLOWERS.

They bring me tales of youth, and tones of love;
And 'tis, and ever was, my wish and way
To let all flowers live freely, and all die,
Whene'er their genius bids their souls depart,
Among their kindred in their native place.
I never pluck the rose; the violet's head
Hath shaken with my breath upon its bank,
And not reproached me; the ever-sacred cup
Of the pure lily hath, between my hands,
Felt safe, unsoiled, nor lost one grain of gold.
—*Willis.*

☞ The name of Captain Ingraham, who procured the release of Martin Kosta from the Austrians, occurs in a novel way in a drama on the Indian war, now being played with great success at New York. An American, taken prisoner by the rebels, is brought before Nana Sahib, who orders him to be impaled, or something equally horrible. The Yankee, not the least dismayed, coolly remarks, "You can kill me I guess; but, sirree Captain Ingraham will settle with you afterwards." Whereupon the knees of the fiendish rebel begin to shake, and, amidst thunders of applause from the spectators, he hurriedly sets the American free.

☞ When Dr. Franklin was in Paris, his daughter, Mrs. Bache, wrote to him for a supply of feathers and thread lace. The doctor declined in the following characteristic note:—"If you wear your cambric ruffles as I do, and take care not to mend the holes, they will come in time to be lace; and feathers, my dear girl, may be had in America from every turkey's tail."

☞ It is with books (and newspapers) as with women, where a certain plainness of manner and dress is more engaging than that glare of paint and airs and apparel which may dazzle the eye, but reaches not the affections.—*Hume.*

☞ Dr. Kitchiner, to show how the strength of man may be diminished by indulging indolence, mentions the following ludicrous fact:—"Meeting a gentleman who had lately returned from India, to my inquiry after his health, he replied, 'Why better—better, thank ye; I think I begin to feel some symptoms of a little British energy. Do you know that the day before yesterday I was in such high spirits, and felt so strong, that I actually put on one of my stockings by myself.'"

☞ For even as straws tossed on high will show you which way the wind blows, and even as some people who, of themselves, think little, are oftentimes the occasion of thought in others, so it may be that, by a little ballad, or a silly song, you may perchance chain the attention of men who would yawn or sleep over a solemn sermon.—*Anon.*

☞ "Jane, what letter in the alphabet do you like best?" "Well, don't like to say, Mr. Snooks." "Pooh, nonsense! tell right out, Jane; which do you like best?" "Well" (blushing and dropping her eyes.) "I like U the best."

☞ A mayor of a department in the south of France recently applied in these terms to a circular of the prefect:—"Your excellency asks me how many beasts have died of the epizotia. We have only had one death in the commune for a month—that of John Boursist, laborer—and he never heard of the disease you mention, nor we either."

☞ A certain judge, after hearing a florid discourse from a young lawyer, advised him to pluck out some feathers from the wings of his imagination, and put them in the tail of his judgment.

☞ A new profession has been discovered at Paris. It is called the *Ramasseur d' Invalides.* "You are not perhaps acquainted, Mr. Judge," said the gentleman in question, "with that profession. I will tell you what it is. In the evening I stroll about the environs of Paris, on the outer Boulevards, and picking up the drunken invalides, take them home to their hotel, where I receive twenty sous for my trouble. In this way I pick up, Mr. Judge, a very decent livelihood."

☞ Certainly virtue is like precious odors, most fragrant where they are incensed or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.—*Lord Baron.*

FROM CALIFORNIA.

The Moses Taylor arrived at New York on the 27th, with the California mails to the 5th of August, and nearly a million and a half dollars in specie. She touched at Key West, and left in port the U. S. brig Dolphin, who reported having captured a slaver, under American colors, and sent her into Charleston.

The news from Frazer river seems to confirm the prospect of abundant gold on the fall of the river, which is now soon expected, but the emigration from California has almost ceased, and the excitement seems to be over. Says a San Francisco paper:—

Our latest dates from Victoria, V. I., are to the 26th of July; and from the diggings on Frazer river to the 20th of the same month. The news is not yet conclusive either as to the richness or extent of the new gold field; but our latest accounts are certainly very favorable. If we are to believe Gov. Douglas, there can be little doubt of the existence of rich gold fields in that region. That functionary, who possesses better means of information than any other person, is reported to have used the following language in a public speech at Victoria, on the 19th of July, when addressing a crowd of miners:

"This I will tell you, as my own settled opinion, that I think the country is full of gold, and that east and north and south of Frazer river there is a gold field of incalculable value and extent. I have told our glorious Queen so, and I now tell you so."

The water in the numerous streams was at last beginning to fall for the season, and the snow in the mountains which heretofore has fed them, is pretty nearly exhausted. A good many miners are already working on the bars in the rivers, and some of them are doing very well. All were sanguine that as soon as the streams fell they would take out large quantities of gold. A new route had been discovered to the Upper Frazer river region by way of Harrison and Lillooet rivers and lakes, and some easy trails. This was considered of great value, as one of the principal difficulties heretofore to be contended against, was the difficulty of transporting provisions to the upper waters of Frazer river, where the principal diggings are said to be located.

The Hudson Bay Company now permit all persons to take up an unrestricted quantity of provisions to the mining region, and there appeared to be little or no suffering there now for the want of food. The Hudson's Bay Company and its officers have acted with the utmost fairness and liberality in all their dealings with the miners and others, and are very popular, and universally respected.

Money was abundant in San Francisco, and collections easy.

There was a decided falling off in the receipts of gold dust, equal to 25 per cent. during the fortnight. The health at San Francisco was never better. Business was improving.

The steamer Oregon, from San Francisco, bound to Victoria, struck a reef on the night of the 31st of July, but subsequently got off uninjured. During the confusion, a number of passengers jumped overboard and six were drowned. The names were unknown.

The first mail from Salt Lake, under the new contract arrived at Placerville on the 21st of July, and the first mail Eastward *via* Salt Lake left on July 26th.

The negroes of San Francisco contemplate emigrating to New Grenada, and have entered into correspondence with General Bosquet, who invites them to come. A letter from General Bosquet says, a negro has the same political and social rights as a white man in that latitude.

A party of sixty apostate Mormons and their families had arrived at Carson Valley.

FRENCHMEN FOR FRAZER.—A party of five hundred Frenchmen, from Sacramento Valley, divided into companies, in regular military order, all well mounted and armed, are now *en route* for the northern gold mines. This party is composed principally of old California miners, and many of them old French soldiers who served in the Crimea during the late war with Russia.

The California Democratic State Convention was to have met at Sacramento, on the 4th of August. Senator Broderick was there. A handbill was posted about town calling the anti-Lecompton delegates to meet in State convention, at the Baptist church, at the same hour as the Lecompton convention was to meet in the Rev. Mr. Benton's church. Both conventions met and organized separately, the anti-Lecompton men having previously determined to carry the issue before the people.

OREGON.—Dates from Oregon to the 24th of July state that the new government had organized at Salem on the 8th, when John Whitaker, the Governor elect took the oath of office.

Nothing is said of the Indian war.

PHILADELPHIA NOMINATIONS.—The Democratic candidates for Congress are as follows:—Second District, George H. Martin. Third District, James Landy (renominated). Fourth District, Henry M. Phillips (renominated). In the First District, Col. Florence has been renominated by about forty out of fifty of the regular delegates, while a separate convention of Anti-Lecomption Democrats has nominated Dr. G. W. Nebinger.

☞ HIGHLY CHARACTERISTIC.—An American, standing on Ludgate Hill, near St. Paul's, said, in reply to a friend who asked him: "Well, what do you think of London, now?" "Wal, it's pretty thick-settled here about the meetin'-house; but I'd rather live in Bosting!"

☞ A dull man is so near a dead man that he is hardly to be ranked in the list of the living; and as he is not to be buried whilst he is half alive, so he is as little to be employed whilst he is half dead.—*Saville.*

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

JONES' SALOONS, 727 and 729 Arch Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		Mutton.	
Roasting rib, ₩ lb	12 a14	Leg, Loin, Chop, ₩ lb	16 a16
Sirloin steak	14 a16	Breast and Neck	6 a 9
Rump "	12 a14	Young Lamb, whole	63 a81
Chuck pieces	8 a11	Whole carcase	7 a 9
Plates and navels corned	3 a10	*Veal.*	
Tongues, fresh	55 a75	Fore quarter, ₩ lb	8
Ox, each	30 a371	Hind "	10
Suet	20 a25	Chop	12½
Kidney	8 a12½	Cutlet	12½
Liver, ₩ lb	5 a 9	Sweetbread, each	20
Dried Beef, ₩ lb	14 a16	*Pork.*	
Lamb.		Young Pigs	1.75
Fore quarter	75 a871	Salt and fresh, lb	10 a12
Hind "	1,00a1,25	Feet, ₩ set	12½a25
Chop, ₩ lb	10 a12	Tripe, ₩ lb	4 a 8
Calves head, each	25 a37	Lard "	10 a13
		Ham, sliced	15 a16
		Bologna sausages	16 a20

VEGETABLES.

Lettuce, ₩ head	2 a 5	Carrots, dozen	10
Onions ₩ rope	12	Do do, ₩ lb	6 a 8
Bermuda potatoes, ₩ basket	1.25	Corn pot's, ₩ bus	1,00a1,37
New pot's (N J), ₩ bus	1,00a1,25	Onions, bus	60
Sweet potatoes ₩ lb	6½	Egg plants, each	12 a18
Corn, ₩ basket	87½a1,12	Tomatoes, ₩ basket	37½a87½
		Squashes, ₩ basket	37½a62
		Cabbages, ₩ head	3 a10

FRUIT.

Apples, ₩ bbl	2,00a2,50	Cantaloupes	1 a 5
do ₩ peck	25 a31	Huckleberries ₩ qt	12
Peaches ₩ basket	37½a62	Blackberries	12a18
Watermelons	10 a25		

POULTRY AND GAME.

Spring Chickens, ₩ pair	50 a87	Chickens, ₩ lb	10 a12½
Chickens, ₩ pair	75 a1,25	Reb Pig'ns, pair	25 a37½

SHELLFISH.

Oysters (Absecum) ₩ bbl	50 a75	N Y do, ₩ bbl,	10,00 13,00
Do. ₩ M	16,00a20,00	Terrapins (Ches & Del)	6,00 a8,00
Morris River Cove, ₩ M	10,00 a12,00	Lobsters, lb	10
		Clams, M	2,00a2,50

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter, lb	30 a35	Salt do, lb	11
Roll "	14 a20	Mackerel	10
Eggs, doz	16 a18	Sm'kd Herring, bunch	6
Codfish	5 a 8	Honey, lb	20 a25
Dry Cod	a 6	Sweetcakes, cake	2
Halibut, lb	12½	Salmon, lb	25 a31
Blue Fish, lb	12	Sheep head	12

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The receipts and stocks of Flour have again been small this week, and with a fair inquiry both for export and home consumption, prices have again improved 12½@25c ₩ bbl, notwithstanding the unfavorable tenor of the European advices by the last steamer. The sales comprise 16,000 bbls at $4,50@5 ₩ bbl for old stock and recently ground, and $5,25@5,50 ₩ bbl for fresh ground from new Wheat, including 2000 bbls. "Wm B Thomas's" and Broad Street Mills at our highest quotations, and 300 bbls Stafford on private terms; 2000 bbls extra at $5,75@6,25, and 1000 bbls extra family and fancy at $6,25@7,50. The sales to the home trade have been to a fair extent within the range of these figures, and fancy lots at from $6,75 up to 7,75 ₩ bbl, according to quality and freshness. At the close $5,50 was the general asking rate for fresh ground superfine, made from new Wheat. 400 bbls Rye Flour sold at $4, at which figure it is firm. Corn Meal is but little inquired after. Sales of 400 bbls Penna at $4 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat have been very moderate for the season, and with a good demand for milling, prices have improved 1@3c ₩ bushel. Sales of 35,000 bush, ranging from $1 ₩ bush for inferior up to $1,28 for choice red, chiefly at $1,25 for good quality, and $1,15@1,45 for prime white. Rye was in good request early in the week, but since the demand has fallen off. Sales of 2000 bush at 83@85c for old; 80c for mixed, and 70c for new. Corn has been in active request and has advanced 3@4c ₩ bush. Sales of 30,000 bush new at 90@92c, afloat, and 90c in store, including mixed at 82½@88c, and damaged at 47½@87c. Some white sold at 85@88c. The receipts of Oats have been small, and they have been in demand at last week's quotations. Sales of 12,000 bush at 41@42c for new Southern, and 44@48c for old Penna, including an inferior lot of Virginia at 36c.

PROVISIONS—The receipts and stock of all descriptions are small, and for Bacon prices have an upward tendency; sales of Mess Pork at $18. City packed Mess Beef sells as wanted for ship's stores at $16@16,50, cash. Dried Beef is unchanged. Bacon meets a very fair inquiry, and prices are firm. About 350 casks sold, in lots, at 11@a12½c for Hams; 9½@9½c for Sides, now held at 10c, and 7½@7½c for Shoulders. A sale of damaged Hams at 7½@8c. Of green salted Meats there are none coming forward, and the stocks here are about exhausted. We quote Hams at 8½@9c, and Shoulders at 6½c, 60 days. Lard is held with much firmness, as the stock is light and gradually becoming still further reduced. Sales in bbls at 12@12½c, and in kegs at 13c ₩ lb, cash. 400 kegs—not prime—sold at 12½c. Butter is in limited request, but there is less offering. Sales of Solid Packed and Roll at 10½@12c ₩ lb, cash.

COTTON—There has been a steady demand, and with light supplies and a small stock prices have been well maintained. Sales of 150 bales, chiefly Uplands, at 11½c for inferior up to 13½c ₩ lb, cash, for middling fair quality, including some samples at 12½.

BARK—There is but little demand for Quercitron Bark even at the decline of $1 per ton. Small sales of 150 hhds No 1 at $32. In Tanners Bark there is little or nothing doing and we continue our former quotations.

BEESWAX is scarce and good yellow readily commands 31c ₩ lb, cash.

COAL—There has been a little more inquiry for the supply of the Eastern markets, but the trade generally has been very dull. Prices continue without quotable change. In Bituminous coal nothing doing.

COFFEE—There has been more demand and prices are firmer. Sales of 4000 bags Rio at 10½@11½c; 2070 do do, by auction, at 9@11½c, averaging $9,97; 230 do damaged at 9½@10c; 100 bags Coffee at 10½c, and 1000 bags Laguayra at 12c ₩ lb, on time.

COPPER continues dull. Small sales of English Sheathing at 28c, and Yellow Metal at 22c, 6 months.

FEATHERS continue exceedingly scarce, and good Western readily command 47@48c ₩ lb, cash.

FRUIT—Domestic fruit is in moderate supply. Green Apples do not come forward as freely as was anticipated. Sales from $2@5 ₩ bbl. Dried Apples are very scarce, and command 7@8c ₩ lb. Peaches range from 50c@$2,50 ₩ basket. Dried Peaches are very scarce.

HEMP—There have been no further arrivals or sales. Prices are unchanged.

HIDES are firmly held, but no further transactions have been reported. Another cargo of Laguayra and Porto Cabello has arrived, but has not yet been disposed of.

HOPS have advanced, owing to a speculative movement in the article at the Eastward, and the discouraging accounts in regard to the forthcoming crop. Sales of first sort Eastern and Western at 12@14c ₩ lb.

IRON—The market has undergone no perceptible change, there being very little demand either for Pig Metal or the manufactured article. Sales of 600 tons No 1 Anthracite at $21 cash, and No 2 at $20. Nothing doing in Scotch Pig Iron. Blooms are quiet. Small sales of Billets at $85, 6 months. Prices of Bar and Boiler Iron remain as last quoted.

LEAD—There is little or no stock here in first hands, and no sales have been reported.

LEATHER—The demand continues good for the better grades of Spanish Sole and Slaughter, but for inferior descriptions there is no inquiry.

LUMBER—Continues to attract very little attention, and the supplies of all kinds are in excess of the demand. A cargo of Southern Yellow Pine Sap Boards sold at about $14 ₩ M feet. Laths sell slowly at $1,15@1,25 ₩ M.

MOLASSES has been extremely quiet. The only sales worthy of notice are small lots of Cuba Muscovado at 32@33c, and New York Syrup at 42c cash.

SEEDS—The receipts of Cloverseed are trifling, and it sells on arrival at $5,50@5,75 ₩ 64 lbs, at which figure it is wanted. Timothy is arriving more freely. About 600 bushels have been disposed of at $2@2,25 ₩ bushel, chiefly at the latter rate. Flaxseed is in demand, but there is none offering.

SPIRITS—There is a steady demand for Brandy and Gin at full rates. Sales of N E Rum at 38@40c, which is an advance. Whiskey meets a limited inquiry, and prices are lower; sales of 400 bbls Ohio at 27@28c; bhds at 26½, and drudge at 26c.

SUGAR—The market is extremely quiet, but prices are steadily maintained. Sales of 500 hogsheads Cuba and Porto Rico at 7@8½c ₩ lb, on time, and 300 boxes Havana on private terms.

TALLOW is in limited demand at 9½c ₩ lb for City Rendered, and 9c for Country.

TOBACCO—There is a little better demand for manufactured, and for some of the finer grades, prices are higher, but Leaf is very quiet.

WOOL—The demand continues fair, and prices are gradually stiffening up, as the bulk of the "clip" throughout the West has now been sent forward. Sales of 200,000 pounds from 26c ₩ lbs, cash, for unwashed, up to 45c for full blood and fine.

☞ Holmes in one of his poems says, in a parenthetical way, "My grandpapa loved girls when he was young." No doubt of it, for Holmes is a sensible man, and must have had a sensible grandfather. All sensible men love girls when they are young, and when they are old, too. (We apply the "old" to the men, not to the girls, mind you.) Girlhood is an institution—a "peculiar institution" which, as lovers of the "union," we feel bound to cherish; and as to girls, large and small, we hold that no gentleman's family "is complete without them."

☞ He that will give himself to all manner of ways to get money, may be rich; so he that lets fly all he knows or thinks, may by chance be satirically witty. Honesty will sometimes keep a man from growing rich, and civility from being witty.—*Selden.*

O, sacred solitude! divine retreat!
Choice of the prudent! envy of the great!
By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,
We court fair wisdom, that celestial maid.

☞ He who cannot take a hint, cannot comprehend a long explanation.

AMERICAN WATCHES.—They have a watch manufactory in Waltham, Massachusetts—of which a correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger writes as follows:—

The factory is a spacious and attractive edifice, located in a commanding position, and, with its surrounding grounds, adds not a little to the beauty of the town. There are now employed in the various departments of the establishment between 150 and 200 hands. Every branch of the business of manufacturing the watch is performed by a uniform system of machinery, demonstrating the high degree of perfection and cheapness attainable by means of mechanism, under the direction of human skill.

The watches manufactured here differ in their construction very essentially from those made in England and Europe. They are less complex, and having fewer parts, are more substantially made than those of foreign manufacture. A patent lever English watch has upwards of eight hundred separate parts, while the American watch has but one hundred and twenty-five parts, and, most of them being very substantial, the probabilities of breakage are greatly diminished. In respect to price they are full one half lower than the same quality of English patent levers, and, as they become known, they will unquestionably, to a very great extent, supersede them.

We were shown, during our visit, three or four styles of movement; all, however, constructed upon the simplest form of patent lever arrangement, and these styles differ only in elaborateness of finish, the cost of production being affected chiefly by the arrangement of jewels, &c. The manufacturers are now perfecting adjusted chronometer balances, and will soon bring out a beautiful and highly finished lady's watch. To give confidence to the skeptical, all who purchase these watches receive a certificate of warranty, not, as in ordinary cases, for *one* year, but *for ten years*.

Our people certainly have reason to be proud of this new development of American skill, and from present appearances, the day will perhaps come when we shall not only supply those across the water with the Yankee clock, but also with Yankee watches—and, then, that which has been exclusively a costly article of importation, will soon be a very remunerative source for our own industry.

Special agencies for the sale of the American watch have been established in all the principal cities of the United States.

CURIOUS STORY ABOUT THE QUEEN'S MESSAGE.—I have just heard from a high source to-day a somewhat singular statement, which, if true, (and I cannot doubt it,) explains two matters, namely: First, how the President was secured from being hoaxed in the matter of the Queen's message on the Sub-Atlantic Telegraph; and secondly, why he should come from the Soldier's Home into the city near midnight, to write his answer. The statement is, that copies of both documents were prepared some time ago and exchanged between the parties, and that Queen Victoria's note and a copy of Mr. Buchanan's reply were locked up in the State Department. This was done, it is said, to prevent imposition—and a very admirable plan it certainly was. The reason why the President returned to the city at night, is hereby made obvious, as it undoubtedly was for the purpose of comparing the message sent to him with the copy previously placed in his possession, and also to obtain his own prepared reply from the State Department. The fact of the Queen's message being incomplete, and what was the substance of the closing portion, seems to have been known to Mr. Buchanan when he wrote his reply; and the wording of the reply itself favors the latter assumption.—*Washington Correspondent of the Baltimore Republican.*

MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.—A correspondent of the New York Tribune, writes from Stonington, Conn., Aug. 23, as follows:

"Baron Limburg, the gentlemanly Embassador from the Netherlands, and Miss Cass, daughter of the Democratic Secretary of State, were united in holy matrimony, this afternoon, by the Rev. Mr. Weston, rector of Calvary Church, Stonington. The old gentleman was present, and gave away the bride. The ceremony was marked, at least inside the sacred walls, by the absence of all display—quiet and plain, becoming to sensible folk.

"The nuptials over, the party returned for a little while to the Wadawanuck House. The General in the meantime wended his way afoot to the depot, where, soon after, came the happy bride and bridegroom en route for Newport, and, after a few minutes' conversation, he bid them a fatherly farewell.

"The shipping in the harbor displayed the 'flag of our Union,' while the booming of cannon announced far and near to the erewhile anti-foreign-element inhabitants this other link binding the American and European heart in loving harmony. The 'All aboard,' followed by a shriek of the steam-horse, sped eastward the train, and anon the assemblage thronging the depot, and of rather cosmopolitan character, dispersed, discussing on their way homeward the latest 'great event' of the day."

WHAT CAN BE DONE ON AN ACRE OF GROUND.—The editor of the Maine Cultivator published a few days ago his management of one acre of ground, from which we gather the following result:

One-third of an acre of corn usually produced thirty bushels of sound corn for grinding, besides some refuse. This quantity was sufficient for family use, and for fattening one large or two small hogs. From the same ground he obtained two or three hundred pumpkins, and his family supply of beans. From the same bed of six rods square he usually obtained sixty bushels of onions; these he sold at $1 per bushel, and the amount purchased his flour. Thus from one-third of an acre and his onion bed, he obtained his breadstuffs. The rest of the ground was appropriated to all sorts of vegetables for the summer and winter use—potatoes, beets, turnips, cabbage, green corn, peas, beans, cucumbers, melons, squashes, &c., with fifty or sixty bushels of beets and carrots for the winter food of a cow. Then he had a flower garden, also raspberries, currants and gooseberries, in great variety, and a few choice apple, pear, plum, cherry, peach and quince trees.

THE FERRY STAIRCASE AT NIAGARA—THE ROPE BURNED AND CAR RUSHING DOWN.—Everybody who ever trusted himself to the sharp grade of the ferry staircase, as that rope unrolled itself on whose strands' strength his life hung, has exercised himself in calculating to what degree of destruction his physical nature would be crushed, if those fibres should separate. The experiment has recently had an unexpected trial, and the result is worthy of record for the comfort of the adventurous. In the month of March the Ferry House took fire, and in the conflagration the rope burned, and a car rushed the full length of the steep track, and went into the river, unbroken, almost without a fracture, instead of being shivered into fragments. The reason seemed this: the weight of the chain which is attached, and which serves to steady the draft, operated as a break, and the car was taken through its fearful journey by this regulator in safety. It is a trial which, in its pleasant result, will give an assurance of security that will calm the mind, while the body is relieved from the interminable stair journey.—*Corres. Courier and Enquirer.*

A CURIOUS MISTAKE occurred in the election returns for the Presidency of the Federal Republic of Switzerland. In consequence of a clerical error, the wrong man was placed at the head of the government for the space of twenty-four hours, but, when the mistake had been detected, he resigned his dignity to the lawful possessor. The temporary lessee of the Presidency was M. Frey-Herose. The genuine President is M. Staemmell.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 261—Adults 90, and children 171.

☞ We ought to beware of committing injustice to others, rather than of being injured by them; and, above all, a man ought to study not to appear good, but to be so, both in public and in private.—*Plato's Phædo.*

☞ If some men died, and others did not, Death would indeed be a most mortifying evil. —*Bruyere.*

☞ The great art of life is to play for much, and stake little.—*Johnson.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 & 16 Ann St., N. Y.
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HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.
TRY THEM FOR DYSPEPSIA.
TRY THEM FOR LIVER COMPLAINT.
TRY THEM FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY.
TRY THEM FOR CONSTIPATION.
TRY THEM FOR SICK HEADACHE.
TRY THEM FOR WANT OF APPETITE.
TRY THEM FOR WANT OF ENERGY.
TRY THEM FOR WEAKNESS.
TRY THEM FOR PILES.

You can obtain them of any druggist or dealer in medicines in the United States, Canadas, West Indies or South America, at 75 cents per bottle.

They are prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, 418 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., and see that his signature is on the wrapper of each bottle.

THE HUMAN HAIR.—How many persons abuse this delicate and beautiful ornament, by burning it with *alcoholic washes* and plastering it with grease, which has no affinity for the skin and is not absorbed. *Burnett's Cocoaine*, a compound of Cocoanut Oil, &c., is unrivalled as a dressing for the hair—is readily absorbed, and is peculiarly adapted to its various conditions, preventing its falling off and promoting its healthy growth. See advertisement.

A STARTLING TRUTH!—Hundreds die annually from neglected coughs, and colds, when by the use of a single bottle of Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, their lives could be preserved to a green old age.

☞ Buy none unless it has the *written* signature of "*I. Butts*" on the wrapper.

ONE DOLLAR EXPENDED in procuring a large bottle of Perry Davis's Pain Killer, may be worth more to you than thousands of dollars invested in bank stock. It will eradicate disease from your system when all other medicine fails. Thousands, both in this and foreign countries, readily testify to the fact.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing firm.

LOANS.	Bid.	Asked.
U S 6 pr ct, 1856		
" " '62		—
" " '67		—
" " '68		—
" 5 " coupon '74s	103½	
Phila 6 pr ct new	97½	98
" " new	102	102½
" 5 "		96
Pitts 6 pr ct	65	—
" 5 coupon	—	—
Alleg City 6 pr ct	—	—
" County "		
RR issue	51½	52
" County 6 pr ct		
Penn RR issue	84	—
Penn 6 pr ct	98	—
" 5 " coupon	89½	90
" 5 "	—	85
Tenn 6 pr ct	92	92½
" 5 " coupon	—	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct	102	103
Missouri 6 "	85½	85¾
Ohio 6 " 1886	—	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	—	—
Virginia 6 "	—	—
Indiana State 6 pr ct	—	—
Cal. State 7 pr ct new bonds	86½	—
N York City 6 pr ct	—	—
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	134½	135
Philadelphia	112	—
Far & Mec	57½	58
Commercial	47½	48
N Liberty	36	37
Mechanics	26½	27½
Southwark	65	70
N Township	54	54½
Kensington	60	—
Girard	11¾	11¾
Western	61	70
Man & Mech	25	26½
Commerce	60	65
Tradesman's	60	—
City	44	42
Consolidation	23½	23½
Commonwealth	20	20½
Corn Exchange	20	—
Germantown	55½	—
Pittsburg, Pittsb'g	56	58
Exchange	53	—
Kentucky Ky.	112	—
Northern "	177	125
Louisville "	106	109
Farmers "	112	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	103	105
Planters "	100	101
N O Gas Light	122	—
Com & R R Bank		
Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas Light Co	21½	22
Lehigh Zinc	1	1½
New Creek	½	¾
New Grenada	½	¾
N America Ins'nce	12½	—
N Liberties Gas	22	—
City Passenger RR	50	51

RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS.	Bid.	Asked.
Pennsylvania R R		
1st mort bonds	99	100
2nd "	85½	86
" stock	42½	43½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds	98	99½
" stock	100½	101½
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds '70	93	93½
mort 6's '44	90	91
" '85	70½	70¾
stock	24½	24¾
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	92½	—
stock	—	—
Phila, Wil & Balt stock	31½	32½
6 pr ct loan '80	99	100
Ches Val R R 7s	33	33
Tioga R R 6's	90	—
Williams & Elmira 7's 1st mort	70	—
2d "	48½	49½
stock	11	11½
Catawissa	7	7½
Beaver Meadow stock	54½	55
preferred 10 pr ct loan	—	—
North Penna R R stock	8½	9
6 pr ct loan	56½	60
Phil Ger & Nor RR stock	54½	55
6 pr ct loan	96	—
Minehill R R 6 pr ct loan	90½	—
stock	—	—
Har and Lan R R stock	57½	—
bonds '80	80	—
L. Schuylkil R R stock	27½	—
Long Island R R, stock	12½	12¾
bonds	77	78
Erie R R stock	17½	—
Hudson River R R	27½	—
N Y Central	78½	—
Michigan Central	75	—
Illinois	70½	—
Michigan Southern	22½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan '82	62½	63
imp. 6 pr ct	65	—
stock	6	7
preferred	16½	17
Lehigh Nav stock	42½	43
mort 6 pr ct	97½	97½
scrip	31	32
Morris Conso'd	43	44½
preferred	99½	100
Cons & De. bonds	40	45
Union	—	90
bonds	3	5
Sus & Tidewater	35	37
bonds 1878	—	2
	46½	47½

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, August 28, 1858.

PENNSYLVANIA.		GEORGIA.	
Solvent banks	4-10 dis	Solvent banks	1 dis
Relief notes	½ dis	SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Crawford & Tioga	no sale	Solv bks	1 dis
Shamokin	10 dis	ALABAMA.	
NEW JERSEY.		Solv bks	1 to 5 dis
Solv bks	par to ½ dis	MISSISSIPPI.	
DELAWARE.		All bks	uncertain
Solv bks	par to ½ dis	LOUISIANA.	
MARYLAND.		Solv bks	1 dis
Baltimore	½ dis	OHIO.	
Solv bks	½ to ¾ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
NEW YORK.		KENTUCKY.	
Solv bks	par to ½ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
MAINE.		INDIANA.	
Solv bks	½ dis	State bank	1 dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		ILLINOIS.	
Solv bks	½ dis	Solv bks	1½ dis
VERMONT.		MISSOURI.	
Solv bks	½ dis	Solv bks	½ dis
CONNECTICUT.		TENNESSEE.	
Solv bks	½ dis	Old banks	3 dis
MASSACHUSETTS.		MICHIGAN.	
Solv bks	½ dis	Solv bks	1½ dis
RHODE ISLAND.		WISCONSIN.	
Solv bks	½ dis	Solv bks	2 dis
VIRGINIA.		TEXAS.	
Solv bks	1 dis	Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	5 dis
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.		CANADA.	
Solv bks	½ dis	Solv bks	1½ dis
NORTH CAROLINA.			
Solv bks	1½ to 2 dis		

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Aug. 28.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour quiet: 6500 bbls sold; State $4,95@5,15; Ohio $5,90@6,12; Southern $5,25@7,75. Wheat quiet; quotations nominal. Corn heavy; 30,000 bush sold, mixed 72@86. Mess Pork firm at $17,40, Prime $15. Lard dull. Whiskey dull at 24@24½.

DROPSY.

A specific for this disease may be had in Jayne's Alterative, as it has cured in almost every case in which it has been used.

CEDARBURG, *Ozaukee Co., Wis., April 26, 1858.*

DR. D. JAYNE—

Dear Sir:—I am a stranger to you, but cannot withhold my thanks for the great benefit produced by your Alterative and Sanative Pills. The cure which I will relate has not been surpassed in the history of your Medicines. A German lady, the wife of a miller in the Cedarburg mills, was taken with Dropsy; the first severe attack being about a fortnight after her accouchement. The physician who attended her was called, and at the expiration of two weeks, pronounced her case hopeless, with defect in her kidneys. Another was obtained—this one was sanguine of curing her, but after two months daily attendance, his skill was baffled, and a third was called, but again with no effect. At this time, she was horrible to behold: her face and head swelled to twice the natural size, her body as large as a barrel, and her limbs of a corresponding size; her tongue was swollen and eaten with ulcers, preventing her from taking nourishment except it was given in a teaspoon. This is but a feeble description of her appearance. My wife visited her, and although expecting to see her as described, the sight of the sufferer was such that she had to retire, and did not recover from the shock for several days. At this stage she was apparently hovering between life and death; for three days her husband was constantly with her, expecting a dissolution every moment. Although chided by the physicians, I recommended your Alterative: one bottle was taken with benefit, and this induced them to continue. After taking three bottles, the swellings of the head and face began to abate; when six bottles had been used, the swelling of her person gradually reduced, and blotches appeared on her face, arms and legs; when one dozen bottles had been taken, it brought out on her legs lumps as large as a pigeon's egg, which broke and discharged a watery humor, and at twenty-eight bottles the disease appeared to be nearly eradicated, and the husband desired to discontinue the Alterative, on account of the expense; they continued to give it but only in small doses, when she again commenced swelling, as if the disease had resumed its full vigor, and doubts were entertained about effecting a cure. They became discouraged and gave up all hope. I however persuaded them to give full doses, and to try a week or two longer, which they did and the disease was again subdued. The medicines was continued until forty-six bottles was taken together with sixteen boxes of the Sanative Pills. And now, under the favor of a Divine Providence, she is able to attend to her household duties, and shows as healthy an appearance as in youth. I have thus narrated the honest facts for the public good, and after expressing to you the heartfelt thanks of the one your medicines restored to health,

I remain, yours, respectfully,
JOHN DAY,
M. E. Local Preacher.

CEDARBURG, *Wis., April 26, 1858.*

DR. D. JAYNE & SON:

Gentlemen—I can substantiate all the facts contained in the above certificate. The physician who attended the person previous to the use of the Alterative, informed me that hereafter he would cheerfully recommend your medicine in cases of this kind.

Yours, respectfully,
WM. VOJENITZ, Agent.

The Alterative is prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne & Son, and may be had of their agents throughout the United States. aug14-4t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. LEVI A. BENTELEYT, to Miss LOUISA B. ROOARS, both of Berks county.

On the 27th of July, by the Rev. W. T. MANN, Mr. NICHOLAS S. SCHMITT, to Miss ANNE PASTER, both of this city.

On the 15th ultimo, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. SAMUEL T. SELL, to Miss MARY BANE, both of this city.

On the 27th of May, by the Rev. Clark Loudon, Mr. DAVID HAMILTON, to Miss BERSY BURTING, both of this city.

On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. G. J. Burton, Mr. WILLIAM LOWERY, to Miss JANE SMITH.

On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. ROBERT SCOTT, to Miss BARBARA A. CRAWFORD.

On the 8th ultimo, by the Rev. Samuel Beck, Mr. WILLIAM S. BIDDLE, of Germantown, Pa. to Miss ELIZABETH WATERFIELD, of N. J.

On the 8th of June, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M. Mr. CHARLES W. PETERS, to Miss MARY J. ENOCHS, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 22d ultimo, JONATHAN TARRANCE, aged 59 years.

On the 22d ultimo, Mrs. MARY B. wife of Saml. G. Harrington, aged 37 years.

On the 23d ultimo, MARY COLIVAN, aged 45.

On the 22d ultimo, Mrs. ELIZABETH LEVES.

On the 23d ultimo, Mrs. ELIZABETH SMITH, aged 79 years.

On the 22d ultimo, HANNAH WATERMAN, aged 83 years.

On the 23d ultimo, JOHN WALLACE, aged 30.

On the 21st ultimo, GEORGE P. MERCER, aged 45 years.

On the 20th ultimo, CONRAD H. DUER, aged 30.

On the 20th ultimo, JESSE S. VIGUERS, aged 29.

On the 21st ultimo, Mrs. ELIZABETH M. HEIRD, aged 26 years.

On the 21st ultimo, Mrs. SARAH TASKER, aged 61 years.

At Mount Holly, N. J. on the 15th instant, JOHN B. ASHMEAD, aged 59 years.

On the 6th ultimo, SUSAN, wife of Richard Dickson, aged 28 years.

On the 13th ultimo, Mr. JOHN WARNER, aged 66 years.

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TESTIMONIAL.

BOSTON, *July 19, 1857.*

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For many months my hair had been falling off, until I was fearful of losing it entirely. The skin upon my head became gradually more and more inflamed, so that I could not touch it without pain. This irritated condition I attributed to the use of various advertised hair washes, which I have since been told contained camphene spirit.

By the advice of my physician, to whom you had shown your process of purifying the Oil, I commenced its use the last week in June. The first application allayed the itching and irritation; in three or four days the redness and tenderness disappeared—the hair ceased to fall, and I have now a thick growth of new hair. I trust that others similarly afflicted will be induced to try the same remedy. Yours, very truly,

SUSAN R. POPE.

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You have the power and I will make
  My application brief.
I want from you a sort of loan,
  Not easily defined—
A loan of something you can spare,
  To be repaid in kind.

I wish the matter laid before
  The Bank of Love, my dear,
Of which you are the President,
  Director and Cashier.
Your Board, I trust will give the case
  A fair consideration,
As I am sure the bills will have
  A noble circulation!

In short, the subject I propose
  For discount, is myself,
And think the name of Jones as good
  As Rothschild or as Guelph.
I'll take your "Yes" for thirty days,
  Endorsed by Parson Waite,
Or take yourself as once, and pay
  Exchange at current rate.

And thus you have my hand and heart
  Presented in due form—
A hand from peculation free,
  A heart with true love warm.
A lease for life I offer you
  Of all my lands—in Spain—
And further, as collateral,
  Affection's golden chain.

An inventory of my hopes
  Would make a splendid show,
(I send a Rail Road specimen
  Made up a year ago;)
And as the future looks so fair,
  I need a bosom friend,
To join me on the way, and share
  The brilliant dividend.

Our Bank is very prosperous, love,
  And my position here
Enables me by brokerage,
  A pretty sum to clear.
What with my stipend, and my chance
  At skinning western loans,
I'm getting on so famously
  I want a Mrs. Jones.

I'm told you have a private fund,
  Bequeathed by Uncle Frank,
(Some twenty thousand, is it not?)
  That's idle in the Bank;—
Just send a cheque for this amount,
  Drawn in the usual way,
And I'll allow you, interest, love,
  Until our wedding day!

—*Hartford Courant.*

Boiled Woodcock.—I was recovering from sickness lately, and needed something to tempt my appetite. I thought woodcock, well cooked and served, would move my dormant palate. My Irish servant was told to go down and purchase a pair. Mrs. B——— said to him:—"I suppose you know what they are?—those birds with very long bills?" "Yes, mem, I do." Then turning to the cook, she gave directions for their preparation for the table. After the lapse of an hour, the man returned with the change. "Well, Jim, did you get the woodcocks?" "I *did*, mem." "But how is this?—how much change have you brought? What did they cost?" "Sixteen cents, mem." "What! sixteen cents for *the pair?*" "Yes, mem." "Why, that is extremely cheap!" He stood in a hesitating way for a moment, and then asked Mrs. B——— if she would not step down and see them. She walked down to the kitchen, and Jim stepped up to the table, took up a small package which he unfolded, and handed out a couple of the longest kind of *wooden faucets!* "Why, bless you, man, these are not woodcocks! Didn't you hear me give directions about *cooking* them?" "I *did*, mem." "But don't you see that I could not cook one of *these?* I might keep them in the pot a whole hour, and they would not be cooked." "I see, mem: I made a mistake. Shall I take 'em back, mem?"—*Correspondent of Knickerbocker.*

Take Two of Them.—The Bangor Courier tells this story of a bashful lover and a fast juvenile:

A bashful youth, who lives not a thousand miles from this city, was paying marked attention to a beautiful young lady, who rejoices in the possession of an interesting niece, about six years old. The other evening he was enjoying a social chat with the young lady, vainly trying to nerve himself to ask the terrible question, when the little niece entered the room. A new thought struck him—taking her on his knee, he asked in a quivering voice:

"Fanny, dear, are you willing I should have your aunt for my own? I will give you five hundred dollars for her."

"Oh, yes!" said the little thing clapping her hands in glee. "But hadn't you better give me a thousand dollars *and take two of them?*"

It is needless to add that the little fairy's answer overcame all restraint, and the happy day is fixed. Little Fanny is now a great favorite with both of them.

Reasonable Curiosity in a Dying Man.—It was a bright thought that of Smithson, when he was dying of an unknown complaint. Smithson had had five doctors, and they had been unable to discover what his disease was. At length they told the patient he must die. Calling them all around him he said:

"My friends, after I die, make a *post mortem* examination, and find out what ails me; for really I have heard such long and learned discussions on the subject, that I am dying to know what the disease is myself."

Encore of a Good Thing.—Speaking of a piece of poetry, the Knickerbocker says:—Our correspondent says he 'can send us more of the same sort.' Oh, no—don't! As Prince D'Artois, of the exiled family of France, said to Philip Kemble in Edinburgh, when asked to come the second time to see him play Falstaff: 'Ah, no, Mo'sieu' Kemble: it was very fonny; I smile ver' moche, but *one such fon it was enoff!*'"

A SETTLER.

They have, out in Atlanta, a hotel-keeper, named Thomson, who is considered rather smart at a joke, but he sometimes meets his match, as the following proves:

"A traveller called very late for breakfast, the meal was hurriedly prepared. Thomson feeling that the "feed" was not quite up to the mark, made all sorts of apologies all around the *eater*, who worked on in silence, never raising his head beyond the affirmative influence of his fork, or by any act acknowledging even the presence of mine host. This sulky demeanor rather vexed the landlord, who changing the range of his battery, stuck his thumbs in his vest arm holes, expanded his chest by robbing the room of half its air, and said:

"Now, Mister, confound me if I hain't made all the apology necessary, and more, too, considering the breakfast and who gets it; and now I tell you, I have seen dirtier, worse cooked, worse tasted, worse looking, and a deal of a sight smaller breakfast than this is, several times."

The weary, hungry one meekly laid down his tools, swallowed the bite in transitu, placed the palms of his hands together, and modestly looking up at the vexed and fuming landlord, exclaimed:

"Is what you say, true?"

"Yes, sir," came with a vindictive promptness.

"Well, then, I'll be blamed, hoss, if you hain't out-traveled me."

"Half and Half."—A gallant young gentleman, living in Bristol County, Massachusetts, took the young lady to whom he was "paying attention," to Boston, to see the sights on the Fifth. On his return from the pleasure trip, he presented *one-half of the bill of expenses* to the lady's father for payment. The gentleman peremptorily refused to liquidate the claim, and politely, but somewhat emphatically, requested the pecuniary lover not to call at his house, either on the next, or any number of coming Sunday nights.

Mr. Buckland's Explanation of Frog Showers.—It may not here be out of place to give the interpretation of frog showers, as now most generally received by competent judges. The actual fact, that considerable spaces of ground have been suddenly covered with numerous small frogs, where there were no frogs before, has been proved beyond a doubt. Some have called in the aid of waterspouts, whirlwinds, and similar causes, to account for their elevation into the regions of air, and some have even thought that they were formed in the clouds, from whence they were precipitated. It has generally been in August, and often after a season of drought, that these hordes of frogs have made their appearance; but, with Mrs. Siddons, we will exclaim, "How gat they there?" Simply as follows: The animals have been hatched, and quitted their tadpole state and their pond at the same time, days before they became visible to, or rather observed by, mortal eyes. Finding it unpleasant in the hot, parched fields, and also running a great chance of being then and there dried up by the heat of the sun, they wisely retreated to the coolest and dampest places they could find, viz.: under clods and stones, where, on account of their dusky color, they escaped notice. Down comes the rain, out come the frogs, pleased with the chance. Forthwith appears an article in the county paper; the good folks flock to see the phenomenon. There are the frogs hopping about; the visitors remember the shower, and a "simple countryman" swears the frogs fell in the shower, and he saw them fall; frogs, visitors, countrymen, editors are all pleased, and nobody undeceives them, nor are they willing to be undeceived.—*Buckland's Natural History.*

Beauty of Glass.—When he sung the praise of glass, the father of Russian poetry, Lomonosov, chose a noble and inspiring theme; for, rightly considered, glass is far more precious than gold. Its services to the physical sciences are inestimable, since without it we could have neither the telescope nor the microscope; and what marvels they reveal need not be said. Gold is of the earth, earthy—Mammon born, and, seemingly, like Mammon, cursed. The fatal lust of gold arms nation against nation, and whets the murderer's steel. Glass, on the contrary—bright symbol of stainless purity and light and lustrous radiance—acts only beneficently. Glass remedies infirmities of vision, and prolongs to the aged the blessing of distinct eyesight. Glass gives us the mirror, the mirror and the lens produce the camera, and it is to the camera that we are indebted for photography, and its magical operations. All honor, then, to glass! Glass enables us to rear the plants of the tropics beneath our English sky—to shed warm mimic sunshine over our chilly walls—to suspend from our ceilings showers of iridescent crystals that more than realize the fabled splendor of Aladdin's palace. All honor be to glass. Glass enables us to produce interminable vistas and perspectives in different directions, until the eye is so delightfully bewildered as to be incapable of discerning where the bright "regular confusion ends."

Assembois.—The Abbé Domenech, who has just published an account of his missionary experiences in Texas and Mexico, narrates that upon one occasion he had taken up his quarters for a night in the outer court of a *rancho*. Not having enough mattresses for all, they were each obliged to accommodate a bed-fellow: "Mine was a young Jew of the name of Moses, who, falling asleep, said to me, while he laughed, 'Have you suspected that you are going to sleep with a Jew?' 'No. And you, have you dreamt that your bed-fellow is a Catholic priest?' 'Not the remotest idea of it: you now inform me for the first time.' 'Think you, then, that our slumbers will be the less tranquil?' 'Certainly not.' 'Well, then, good-night.' 'Good-night.'"

☞ "Oh, Mr. Hill," said one of the Rev. Rowland Hill's hearers, "how is it that you say such out-of-the-way things in your sermons?" "Ah!" said the eccentric divine, "how is it that you are such out-of-the-way sinners?"

GOING OUT OF TOWN.

Mary.—"If you please, Sir, Missus says you must find room for this in your Portmanto!"

Agricultural.

COMPONENT PARTS OF SOILS.

Silex.—Silex, or sand, is the largest component of soils, and with alumina and lime, is the base of all soils. Soils are porous in proportion to the amount of silex they contain. If a soil contains over eighty per cent. of sand, it is too dry and porous for productive land. It will bear the scouring rush only, which is formed almost wholly of silex. Combined with alumina and the alkalies, it becomes soluble or liquid, and then enters largely into vegetation, and forms the hard coating of the stem and leaves of grain and grass.

Alumina.—Alumina, or clay, makes a soil tough, tenacious, and impervious to water. Strictly speaking, clay is a silicate of alumina, though in common parlance we use them as synonymous. It rarely enters into the composition of vegetables, it being rather a base for the soil than a constituent for vegetation.

Lime.—Lime, in the form of phosphates and carbonates, enters largely into the composition of plants, and is, in fact, an essential element of vegetable matter. By acting on the alkalies, it sets the soluble silica free, making it available for plants. It also renders the soil warmer and more porous, combines with the resinous and oily matter in the soil, and forms soap—thus destroying the antiseptic matter in the soil, and aiding decomposition.

Magnesia.—Magnesia is abundant in almost all the rocks. The phosphate of magnesia is the principal ingredient of the seeds of grain and grasses. It forms the germ, while lime and silex form the stalks and stems of trees and grain. It is abundant in the soil.

Phosphorus.—Phosphorus, combined with the alkalies and iron, exists in all organized bodies, animal and vegetable. With magnesia, it forms the seed of grains and grasses—with lime, it forms the trunks of trees. It exists in small quantities—is soon exhausted by cultivation, and must be supplied, or crops will fail.

Ammonia.—Ammonia is a powerful element of fertility, but is soon exhausted. It can, however, be restored by the application of stable manure. The strong, pungent smell of the horse-stable, is volatile ammonia, or hartshorn, escaping from the manure. Clay, coal and plaster readily absorb and detain it.

Alkalies.—Potash, soda and ammonia, called *alkalies*, and lime and magnesia, called *alkaline earths*, enter largely into the composition of vegetation, and their absence would render a soil *sterile*.

Manure.—In the general term *manure*, is included everything that will aid fertility, or correct deficiencies in the soil. If soils are too sandy and light, lime and ashes to dissolve the sand, and render it soluble, is as much manure as is muck, dung, or other fertilizers.

Lime.—Lime should be applied to peaty soils—to those which contain a large amount of vegetable matter—to those which are sour—to heavy clay lands, and light sandy soils. On clay and sandy land, the effect is entirely different, making clay land more friable, and sandy land more adhesive.

As lime has a tendency to sink into the earth, it should be applied to the surface; and light dressings, frequently applied, are better than heavy dressings.

Marl.—As marl is lime combined with earthy matter, and this, generally, of a vegetable character, it is often better as a dressing for land than lime, as it contains not only the corrective, but fertilizing elements.—*Ohio Farmer.*

Box Measures for Farmers and Planters.—A box 24 by 16 inches square, and 29 inches deep, will contain a barrel—5 bushels, or 10,376 cubic inches. A box 24 by 16 inches square, and 14½ inches deep, will contain half a barrel—2½ bushels, or 5,376 cubic inches. A box 16 by 16½ inches square, and 8 inches deep, will contain a bushel, or 1,150½ cubic inches; each inch in depth holding one gallon. A box 24 by 11½ inches square, and 8 inches deep, will contain also a bushel, or 2,158½ cubic inches; each inch in depth holding one gallon. A box 12 by 11½ inches square and 8 inches deep, will contain half a bushel, or 1,075½ cubic inches; each inch in depth holding half a gallon. A box 8 by 8½ inches square, and 8 inches deep, will contain half a peck, or 196½ cubic inches. The gallon dry measure. A box 4 by 4 inches square, and 4½ deep, will contain one quart, or 62½ cubic inches.

SEASONABLE HINTS ON THE PIG.

Look well to the pigs and pens this month. Pigs need particular care and protection from the extreme heat of the season at this time to do well. See that they have shade, shelter, and clean, comfortable pens, for pigs, like bipeds, do best in comfortable quarters. Many build their hog-pens over a running stream, to avoid the nuisance of the ammonia which arises from the manure, and therefore annually suffer the loss of the fattening properties of their whole rye, corn and buckwheat crops, by permitting the voidings to run down the stream. Of course no farmer can ever prosper who permits the waste of so much valuable fertilizing matter as this, and when it can be prevented, as well as the health of his pigs, and the atmosphere of the neighborhood purified by simply feeding a few handfuls of charcoal to the pigs daily, it is a matter of great surprise that so simple a precaution as this should be neglected, and a most abominable nuisance kept up to the annoyance of the whole neighborhood. The strong odor of the hog-stye is frequently the first salute of the stranger in approaching an otherwise neat and tidy farmer's residence, whereas, the offensive effluvia might be altogether arrested and concentrated by keeping on hand a barrel of charcoal, and feeding a few handfuls occasionally to the hogs, who will eat it more greedily than corn. Charcoal not only acts as a disinfectant, but also greatly promotes the health and growth of swine, and any farmer who undertakes to make nice pork without using charcoal to promote the fattening of it, and particularly to feed it at killing time, to purify and prevent the fetid odor which arises from the cleaning of the intestines, deserves to be made to feed and keep company with the grunters whom his stupid ignorance or laziness compels to live and die in filth. If ever any neighborhood is afflicted with the "hog cholera," put it down to the disgusting practice of herding them too closely together, and compelling them to live in the midst of their own offal. Whenever any regard is paid to the feeding of charcoal and other cleanly arrangements, pigs may be kept in the midst of large towns without any person apparently being the wiser of it. Thus much we have felt called upon to say in behalf of the unhappy porker herded in confined pens.

Shoats may be made to obtain a fine growth during this and the coming month, if a little ground corn, rye and oats be mixed with their milk or slop, so that by the time the corn is ripe in the corn-fields they will have already arrived at a hog's estate,—and then, if they are only "crowded a little" with a mash of potatoes, pumpkins, turnips, and meal, they will have made such progress by the first of October or November, that at the end of the warm days of Indian summer, and the hogs be of the right breed, they will scarcely be able to eat half the ration of a lean hog, and will soon become as fat as to be unable to get up. Pork fattened and grown upon any other system will cost the owner twice as much for an inferior article. One reason why western pork is, and always will be, inferior in quality to the "Jersey fatted," is because the western farmers do not take sufficient pains in raising and fattening it.—*New Jersey Farmer.*

Kicking Cows.—I have a way to stop kicking cows, or to keep them from stepping while milking. It is this: I begin quite moderate, and when they hoist a foot I give the teats a jerk; by following this up it will stop any cow, for a cow very much dislikes to have her teats jerked. If a cow gets in the habit of starting off, I hold on to the teats as hard as I can, which soon cures her of that caper.—*Genesee Farmer.*

Mildew.—I give my wife's cure for mildew in cotton cloths. She had (through the negligence of help,) the worst case of mildew I ever saw. She *boiled* the article in a *lye*, made of wood ashes, then spread it out on the grass, exposed to the sun, and kept it wet by sprinkling with lye and soft soap-suds, until the mildew entirely disappeared. There is no *humbug* about this.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Fall Wheat.—Experience has pretty well demonstrated that while the midge pest lasts it is best to sow the heavy, red bearded wheat, of which the Mediterranean is the best type. Of course the seeds should be of the best grains, and clear of all foul seeds.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

Pruning Grapes.—The Pomological savans, who a year or two ago, went their death upon excessive summer pruning of the grape, are now hardly decided in favor of pruning at all—at least the opinion expressed is so milk-and-waterish as to amount almost to a negative. This shows a becoming growing wisdom, and we think a year or two more will satisfy all present doubters that summer pruning, instead of being the rule, should be the exception.

Our limited experience is against summer pruning unless in particular instances, presenting themselves to every cultivator.

Our crop of grapes, looks at present very promising; the bunches are of good size, and the berry full and large. Not a knife has been near them.

Last year we pruned all the vines except one, pretty extensively; and although these were covered with fine bunches, there was scarcely one properly matured; while the vine which was left wholly untouched, yielded a bountiful crop of excellent fruit. The same vine, under the same treatment, or rather want of treatment, was equally prolific in preceding years.

We feel pretty well satisfied that excessive pruning has been the worst blight that has ever affected the grape; but as the remedy is in everybody's hand; or more truthfully is simply "hands off!" we trust we shall hereafter have less debate upon the subject—less action—and as per consequence, better success in the cultivation of this very desirable fruit.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Men and Women; Mountains and Waterfalls.—Men enjoy mountains; women enjoy waterfalls. There is no saying why it is, but the fact is positive. Perhaps it may be that men toil up the rugged steep with greater ease, and therefore enjoy themselves more when they get to the top. Perhaps it is that there is something grand, and bold, and rough, and dangerous in the very nature of a mountain, which the masculine mind is alone capable of understanding. In waterfalls there is all the beauty of form, and light, and graceful motion and cooling freshness, and ever charming variety that women love; and there ever-shadowy trees, and an escape from the noontide sun, and the hum of insect life, and the moss-grown stones and grassy banks. Waterfalls and their adjuncts have a kind of mystic influence upon them that acts with all persuasive energy on the female heart. Hearts, like stones, are worn down by their action, and the swain has often been indebted to the Naiad for the granting of his prayer.—*Blackwood.*

The Final Judgment.—"We must all appear," or, as now it is generally admitted, that "we must all *be manifested* before the judgment seat of Christ"—a far more searching thought. If we were to employ a homely expression and say, "turned inside out," it would, I believe, exactly express the intention of St. Paul; all that is inward now, and thus hidden, becoming outward then; every mask stripped off; every disguise torn away; whatever any man's work has been, that day declaring it; and not according to its outward varnish, but its inward substance.—*French.*

☞ Speaking Coolly of a Friend.—Calling him a "nice swell!"—(*An ice well.*)—*Punch.*

Useful Receipts.

Rheumatism.—The Edgefield (S. C.) Advertiser says that a gentleman who has tried the subjoined recipe, pronounces it good, and desires it published for the benefit of all sufferers under this terrible malady: One teaspoonful of aloes dissolved in one pint of whiskey, the best; one teaspoonful of tartaric acid dissolved in one pint of water. Mix the two, and take one tablespoonful of the mixture three times a day. Take water with tartaric acid in it, as a drink while using the medicine.

Dandelion as Coffee.—For liver complaints the dandelion root is considered an excellent remedy. Dig it now, and cut it into small pieces about the size of horse-beans. Put them to dry in an oven, or on a stove; they will shrink to the size of a coffee berry. When a cup of coffee is wanted, just substitute the dried pieces of dandelion root for chicory, in the mill,—say a fourth part; grind it together with the coffee, and no one can detect it.

Preserving Fruit Without Sugar.—To preserve fruit fresh for winter use, put it in bottles, fill them up with cold spring water, tie down with a bladder tightly; put them in a kettle or copper of cold water up to the neck of the bottles, with hay to steady them; let them simmer for a quarter of an hour, but not boil; let them cool in the water; wipe the bottles, and put away in a dry place. On no account open them till their contents are wanted for eating.—*Cottage Gardener.*

Whitewash.—An excellent whitewash for ceilings or walls can be made of Paris white, 33 pounds, costing $1, and Cooper's white glue, 1 pound, costing 50 cents. Put the glue to soak in cold water over night; in the morning slowly heat until dissolved in the water. Stir Paris white into a small quantity of hot water. Then mix both, and add hot water to reduce to a proper milky consistency, and apply with a brush. It is probably better to keep the liquid warm over a fire, or by the occasional addition of hot water. A single coat of this is described as being equal to a double coat of lime whitewash, while it is far more brilliant and pure, and will not rub off.

Blistered Hands and Feet.—As a remedy against blistering of hands in rowing or fly-fishing, &c., or feet in walking, the quickest is, lighting a tallow candle, and letting the tallow drop into cold water (to purify it, it is said, from salt), then rubbing the tallow on to the hands or feet, mixed with brandy or any other strong spirit. For mere tenderness nothing is better than the above, or vinegar a little diluted with water. This, for the most part, is, if I remember rightly, a remedy of *the* Col. Thornton of pedestrian celebrity. Let every one try it. It never has failed with me.—*London Field.*

Bugs.—When travelling, if annoyed by bedbugs, rub camphorated spirits on the arms, legs, &c., and the bugs will not bite.

The Riddler.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY GEORGE W. DUFFIELD.

I am composed of 43 letters.
My 10, 20, 8, 21, 19, 11, 43, was a Pope of Rome.
My 32, 12, 2, 6, was a British naval commander.
My 5, 14, 3, 19, 23, 43, was a distinguished Roman.
My 13, 17, 16, 24, 34, was a revolutionary hero.
My 16, 22, 39, 34, 9, 15, 25, was an Austrian Governor.
My 21, 26, 31, 38, 34, was an American commander.
My 41, 19, 42, 28, 9, 29, 34, was the first King of Rome.
My 35, 7, 18, 19, 37, 4, 13, 28, 34, was a Grecian General.
My 42, 28, 20, 6, 29, 36, was a Roman Consul.
My 18, 40, 16, 38, 34, was a King of Britain.
My 4, 15, 9, 32, 1, was a beautiful Grecian Queen.
My 17, 11, 7, 34, 3, 30, 33, 39, was an Athenian General.
My 33, 36, 25, 30, 28, 39, was a Persian monarch.
My whole was a distinguished military hero.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 25 letters.
My 9, 7, 5, is a portion of time.
My 15, 7, 4, 2, is a quadruped.
My 1, 12, 13, 10, 21, is a useful animal.
My 20, 21, 22, 14, is a kind of hat.
My 13, 7, 14, is a small animal.
My 19, 4, 2, 21, 18, is the name of a county in Illinois.
My 24, 25, 23, is a species of bird.
My 6, 7, 19, 2, 10, is what we work for.
My 6, 12, 13, 14, 15, was an officer in the Mexican war.
My 14, 7, 5, 22, 24, 8, was a General in the Mexican war.
My 9, 21, 2, 4, is a wild animal.
My 14, 11, 12, is a certain number.
My 5, 7, 8, 9, is a cloth measure.
My 16, 17, 18, 19, is not very short.
My 3, 7, 19, is a name given to small horses.
My whole is the name of an American poet.

Jersey Co., Ills. JOSEPH G. MARSTON.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In my first men can travel,
  Over valley, hill and plain;
Its name you can unravel,
  So I'll no more explain.

My second may have different shapes.
  The world with it is rife;
And many dangers it escapes,—
  It often, too, has life.

My whole is sometimes in my first.
  'Tis often in a room;
Enough; for you in riddles versed,
  Know this one, I presume.

Pequea, Pa. A. K. HOWRY.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In the social circle all
  In modern manners versed,
Obeying laws of etiquette,
  Do often use my first.

And when to the royal Charles
  In a merry mad-cap game,
My second was brought, the king arose
  And gave it a knightly name.

CINROS.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am an animal of fame and might.
Four letters spell me true and right,
My second, third, and fourth, is an organ of great use,
And it oftimes bears a very great abuse;
My first, third and fourth, is a place where the lawyers plead,
And endeavor to prove many an evil deed.

Tiffin, Ohio. J. W. CRAMER.

GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Is ten at us D. T. E.	L. at last a Greek
Y. name R. G.	Men in a sot.
Our Sal in Hotca.	Lehe! stand thus.
Cor Hay pen.	A rat mus.
Near Geo. Luwl.	P. set in slo.

Philadelphia. CARRIH.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The sum of two numbers is 100, and their product is 2211. What are those two numbers?

D. GEARHEAD.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Who were the first people who said nay? Ans.—The Naiads.

☞ Who first cured hams? Ans.—The Hamadryades.

☞ Where did the dentists originally come from? Ans.—Tuscany.

☞ Which is the most celestial part of the British Empire? Ans.—The Isle of Sky.

☞ In what work do we find the best account of eels? Ans.—The Iliad.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Arabian Nights Entertainments. CHARADE—Poetry (Poe-try). CHARADE—Catacombs. RIDDLE—Winter.—MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM—The longer side 281¼ perches; the shorter side 243¾ perches.

☞ As Foote, in the early part of his life, was one night walking down a street in the neighborhood of Oxford Road, he was accosted with great civility, by a shabby fellow, who asked the way to Tyburn. To which Foote replied, "My good fellow, you have only to rob the first person you meet, and you'll find your way easily." The fellow very heartily thanked him for his advice, and presenting a pistol, ordered him to deliver his money, on pain of having his brains blowed out. With this injunction he was obliged to comply, though to his great mortification, as he lost his money and his jest, and it punished him for his unkind reply when asked "the way."

☞ Expensive.—"Columbus, pho!" exclaimed a friend of ours, the other day, in his excess of enthusiasm about the Atlantic cable. "Columbus, pho! he discovered America, to be sure, but it took a Berkshire boy to *hitch it on!*"—*Berkshire County (Mass.) Eagle.*